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RAIN

RAIN

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

Founded on W. Somerset Maugham's Story, "Miss Thompson"

BY

JOHN COLTON

AND

CLEMENCE RANDOLPH

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As originally produced by Sam H. Harris and staged by John D. Williams at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York City, November 8, 1922.

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

A Native Girl .....Kathryne Kennedy
A Native Policeman .....Chief Whitehawk
Native Boys .....Oka Bunda—Llano Paulo
Ameena, Wife of Joe Horn.....Emma Willcox
Private Griggs, U. S. M. C.....Kent Thurber
Corporal Hodgson, U. S. M. C. .....Harold Healy
Sergeant O'Hara, U. S. M. C. .....Robert Elliott
Joe Horn, Trader of Pago Pago.....Rapley Holmes
Dr. MacPhail .....Fritz Williams
Mrs. MacPhail .....Shirley King
Mrs. Davidson .....Catherine Brook
Quartermaster Bates of The "Orduna" ..Harry Quealy
Sadie Thompson .....Jeanne Eagels
Rev. Alfred Davidson .....Robert Kelly

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TIME—The Present

The Action of the Play takes place in the Hotel Store of Trader Joe Horn, on the Island of Tutuila, Port of Pago Pago, South Seas.

Act 1—Morning. —
Act 2—Late Afternoon—two days later.
Act 3—Night—four days later.

(During the third Act the Curtain will be lowered to indicate the lapse of several hours.)

INTRODUCTION

I.

The art of dramatization has justly fallen into disrepute. In the popular theatre it is futile to recall that "Lear" and "Faust" are both dramatizations of prose narrative, that no great dramatist, from Euripides to Wagner, has invented the plots or fables of his plays. The modern dramatizer or adapter is not one who reshapes existent material through the power of his creative vision; he is one who depresses the serious and serene to the level of the multitude and its theatre. Hence this play "Rain" illustrates, first of all, noble possibilities that have almost been forgotten on our stage, and a return to a great traditional method. Yet a return with a vital and characteristically modern difference, too.

The difference is this, that the dramatizers do not stand above the author of the text that was to be dramatized. Shakespeare glorified Italian "novelle" and English chronicles, Goethe made a rude chap-book immortal. The relation of Mr. Colton and Miss Randolph to their text was essentially different. They had before them, in the story by Somerset Maugham, a work quite brief and not, in itself, first rate. But the work of a master. The master I mean is not, of course, the author of a series of more or less shallow plays, excepting of course "Our Betters" and "The Circle" but the author

of "The Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage". Having before them, then, the work of a master, it was the task of the dramatizers to use their creative vision not to see new character, implication, drift, but to draw forth from the story and embody in dramatic form all that the mind and temper and art of Maugham would have drawn from the fable. In brief, it was their business to write the play that Maugham would have written had the theme of "Rain" assumed in his mind the shape of a three-act play instead of the shape of a short prose narrative. To say that, so far as is conceivable, they have done this, is to praise them enough. They have established the practice of a new art of dramatization and offered a sound and brilliant example of that art.

In the general conduct of their fable they have followed the original. The gradual culmination of the story's dramatic life was too severe and too inevitable to admit of change. But it takes a close scrutiny of both the story and the play to see with what firm yet delicate workmanship, with what loyalty to their author they have effected the transformation from narrative to dramatic form. The dry light of Somerset Maugham's mind shines not only in the speeches taken from the original and woven into a new fabric, but in every added line. His sobriety is here, his immensely disciplined passion, his harsh tenderness, his serene tolerance. These, too, seem to have shaped the two characters which the dramatizers reworked thoroughly from mere hints in the story—the characters of Sadie Thompson herself and of Joe Horn. Sadie is lifted from mere suffering to action. The drama required

that she be not left passive, no mere object, but that she, too, be in herself a source of interest and energy. She is seen and projected as Somerset Maugham might have seen and projected her, as she might easily have lived and moved among that company of notable creatures who people "Of Human Bondage." The character of Horn is developed in an even more intimate way from the authentic source. Almost the first words attributed to him in the play are words taken from the lips of Charles Strickland in "The Moon and Sixpence." Horn is an American, a mere lazy South Seas trader, something of a mere sot. Yet he is Strickland too—the man with hard, unerring vision, determined to rip through the sentimentalities and unveracities of civilization and wreak his will upon the conduct of his life.

II.

It is time to look at the play as we now have it, regardless of origin and methods of workmanship. I shall not call it a great play. The word is, at best, a mere gesture. But if a work of art is important and memorable when it cleaves to the core of life, then "Rain" is both. It is the tragedy of the absolutist, the fierce zealot of the moral myth, the eternal persecutor, the self-slain slayer, the denier of reason and of nature, the central menace and misfortune of the life of mankind. He was Torquemada; he burned the Crypto-Jews in Toledo; he was in the councils of Bloody Mary and watched Cranmer in the flames, he stamped out the Albingenses and lit his pyres again in Geneva and

in later ages drove men into exile and scourged them and had his stronghold in Siberian mines and in all prisons in which men are kept for conscience sake. Today he has been shorn of some of his temporal power, except in times of stress and crisis when he still lynches and burns. But even in the sunlight of everyday, he can still, through his fierce certitude and the loud turning of concepts into myths, bribe himself into place and power and bedevil his fellow-men under corporate disguises in the name of virtues that are only his repressions and cowardices and the ugly stigma of his own decayed and crippled nature. He is the sworn foe of love and art and freedom and vision. He devastates all about him. He goes, like the Reverend Mr. Davidson of the play, to the South Sea islands and teaches the people "what sin is" and clothes their bodies with shame and corrupts their minds with lies and rejoices that there "has been no dancing in his district for eight years." For evil is to him not, as the excellent Dr. MacPhail says, a "matter of opinion" or of circumstances or of spiritual quality, but a "matter of fact." And his facts are his terrors and inhibitions and corruptions. Usually, though he, too, suffers, he triumphs in the end because the official forces of society are still blindly arrayed on his side. It is the mercy and justice of Somerset Maugham that, in this fable, does not let him proceed to complete degradation in life but through his moment of saving weakness and veracity, grants him death, the recognition of the sickness of his soul and therefore pity in the place of horror and contempt.

I have stated the theme of "Rain" strongly. The play itself is temperate, ironical, almost dry in mood

and depends for the impact which I am seeking to interpret on character and action. That is, of course, the right dramatic method. There is very little plotting except the initial and quite credible isolation of the characters at the inn of Pago Pago. From that point on the various people have but to be what they inevitably are and to express that being in characteristic ways to furnish both culmination and catastrophe. Davidson sees Sadie and is doomed. He tries to be "terrible" as he always is, according to his poor wife, "when his righteous wrath is excited." But the stored poisons in his blood explode. It is O'Hara who saves Sadie. The simple soldier who has roughed it through life has tolerance, pity, love, understanding. It is these that save. MacPhail is richer by a great experience of the vicarious sort; Joe Horn is confirmed in his hard, bright wisdom. Only poor Mrs. Davidson is left utterly forlorn. The missionaries, alas, will go on teaching the heathen "what sin is."

Art reacts on life. Young men killed themselves because Werther did so. The moralists and myth-makers and persecutors are always talking about the good influences and mighty lessons of their writings. We should turn the tables on them and be less afraid of purposefulness in criticism and art. There is no propaganda in "Rain." Its magnificent force is inherent. But since it is force of the kind that can alone liberate and cleanse the world, one should wish and work for this drama's wide dessemination both in the study and on the stage.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

POLYNESIAN INTERLUDE

THE SEEKER FOR TRUTH

Tell me, Witch Doctor of Tangabura, to what end are we here and wherefor is life?

THE WITCH DOCTOR OF TANGABURA

[*Sleepily*] Go away and don't bother me!

THE SEEKER FOR TRUTH

I am sad. . . . I want to know!

THE WITCH DOCTOR OF TANGABURA

You are a very tiresome person. If I answer you will you go away?

THE SEEKER FOR TRUTH

[*Eagerly*] Yes. . . . Yes!

THE WITCH DOCTOR OF TANGABURA

[*Crossly*] The rain falling very heavily on the hat you stole from the scarecrow—that is life. Now please be off and let me be. . . .

CHARACTERS AS THEY APPEAR

A NATIVE GIRL
A NATIVE BOY
AN OLD WOMAN
HORN'S WIFE AMEENA
HER THREE BABIES
PRIVATE GRIGGS
CORPORAL HODGSON
JOE HORN, THE TRADER OF PAGO PAGO
SERGEANT O'HARA
MRS. ALFRED DAVIDSON
DR. MACPHAIL
MRS. MACPHAIL
QUARTERMASTER BATES OF THE *"Orduna"*
SADIE THOMPSON
REV. ALFRED DAVIDSON

The time is the present.

The scene is the Island of Pago Pago in the South Seas during the rainy season.

The action takes place in the living room of Joe Horn's hotel store.

DESCRIPTION

The action of the play takes place in the public living room of Joe Horn's Hotel-store on the Island of Pago Pago in the South Seas. It is to be presumed that this hotel store is a frame building of two stories, with broad verandahs on both floors and a roof of corrugated iron. It stands on a little incline a short distance from the wharf at which the steamers touch. Aside from the government buildings and a small U. S. Naval Station, it is the only occidental habitation in this tiny island on the South Seas.

The section of the living room which we see is dingily furnished with "European" rattan and disorderly remnants of cotton rep. There is a dilapidated rattan deck-chair in which the trader, Joe Horn, habitually reclines, besides one or two upright chairs of the same pattern, somewhat unravelled, and shaky as to appearance.

Against the back wall we have a maroon plush sofa of the species middle-class housekeepers were once wont to call elegant. Adjacent to this is an ornate table of golden oak on which sits a fat German lamp with a round shade painted over with poppies. On the wall above this lamp hangs an 1885 lithograph of Queen Alexandria, then the Princess of Wales, another of President Garfield and a jaundiced map of American Samoa.

Other reactions to beauty of a similar nature are

to be observed pasted here and there. There is a chromo of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and one of Miss Lillian Russell, relics of a trade barter of one sort or another. A miniature ship in a two gallon green bottle ornaments the wall at the left. There is a stuffed sea gull over the folding doors leading into the room which Miss Sadie Thompson later occupies. These doors are entered through a bedraggled Japanese bead curtain, stringy and bitten and very old.

Such are the only attempts at interior decoration in the general bleakness. In the foreground we have a narrow dining table, which, when the curtain lifts on the first act, is spread over with a red cloth, and littered with dreary castors, salt cellars, sugar bowls and butter dishes protected from insects by swathings of mosquito netting. Five iron cafe chairs, painted green, are placed at the table in readiness for a meal that is sometime to take place.

The floor of the place is covered with greasy matting, the walls are papered only in vague patches with paper that at one time or another had gold markings on it. At points where the paper has peeled we note crumbling plaster and whitewashed laths. From the middle of the discolored ceiling hangs a dependent lamp worked by chains.

The lamp is framed in a tin and glass arrangement so that when it is lit it casts upon the floor below a brilliant oval of reddish light.

At the back a rickety staircase leads to the regions above.

At the right this room gives out upon a broad verandah which extends across the stage from a vanishing point beyond the right proscenium. The verandah is railed in iron work painted yellow and supported by wooden pillars upholding a roof of corrugated iron.

Beyond this we have an extended vista of sky, sea, beach and distant mountains. Hard by the rail of the verandah, bright green palm trees lift their branches, and brilliant flowers grow in riotous confusion. At the lifting of the curtain the scene is bathed in the tense sunlight of an early morning. Insects buzz and birds sing, every aspect is luxuriously, opulently drowsy. The sky and the water meet in a ring of magic silence.

In the distance we hear the low chanting murmur of native voices singing at their work. This is broken by the booming blast of a steamer's whistle. The stage is empty as the curtain rises until a native girl enters the scene from the verandah. She carries on her head a basket of pineapples. She wears the *lava lava,* the native costume of the South Seas—a cotton swath hanging from her breasts to her knees in a knotted L. She walks indolently and gracefully. She crosses the stage to the door at the left and enters. By the sign over the door we know that this door leads into the general store of Pago Pago, of which one Joe Horn is the proprietor, and that there is sold everything utilitarian from calico to corned beef. Following the girl comes a native boy and an old man, who also wears the *lava lava.* The boy carries a basket of gaily colored fruits and the old man a bas-

ket of toys, miniature native canoes and ferocious masks of Kanaka workmanship.

The Kanakas chatter good humoredly and laugh happily. After them hobbles an old crone with black teeth chewing a betel nut. She is balancing on her back a pole to which are attached fish bladders, dried sharks and screaming parrots. All enter the store. Again is heard the blast of a steamer whistle. From the open store is heard the confusion of native jabbering. The natives then emerge from the store and leisurely cross the stage again, without their baskets.

They seat themselves on mats on the verandah and with much murmuring gossip and low laughter begin to braid wreaths from a huge basket of loose flowers.

From afar comes the plaintive wail of a *ranee* flute and the low strumming of a stringed kamujamuja. Now from the open door of the trader's store there enters suddenly the trader's wife, Mrs. Horn, her three dusky children clinging to the skirts of her cotton Mother Hubbard. She is a large and darksome lady, the color of deep *cafe au lait,* and ten years ago she was very pretty. Now she is enormously fat and oozes rather than walks. Her bare feet are thrust into carpet slippers and her oily black hair skewered into a wizened knot at the back of her head. She cackles and screams like an over-fat hen harassed by an over-nimble brood of chicks. The half naked babies pull and maul at her whilst she screams admonitions at them and fans herself with a palm leaf fan.

ACT 1

MRS. HORN

Oh-a-Godd-mua-mi mua holaho!

Let go—Let go—how you pester——

[*She crosses to verandah, the babies dragging after her, shades her eyes from the too bright sun, and looks off—She turns back into the room, stumbling over a baby who falls over backwards. The baby sets up a howl*]

You! You! Always lying about like your papa! You stop now! Stop now!

[*The child stops suddenly but does not rise. It rolls over on its back and starts playing with its toes.* MRS. HORN *now waddles over to the door leading to the store and calls shrilly*]

Joe! Joe! Why—for you ain't up, hein? The boat comes already to the jett-ee—Get yourself dressed.

[*She returns to the child on the floor, stoops to pick it up*] That's right. Fall there! Lie there! Don't get up. Oh Dios! [*Another child gets in the way and falls over. It begins to wail. The other children set up a chorus of sympathy.* MRS. HORN *fans herself distractedly.*] Come, come, you all make stop this yelling. Miamaku-hua-Lanita. [*Two sailors now enter from the verandah. They are* PRIVATE GRIGGS *and* CORPORAL HODGSON, U. S. M. C. *Both are clean—*

cut, fresh skinned, good humored, very young lads, dressed in the American Marine bleached khaki of the tropics]

GRIGGS

Hullo! Pretty cheery this morning, ain't we? What's all the singing for?

MRS. HORN

They fall down. They cry. Larampos! [*She stoops to lift one of the children, loses her balance and sits down heavily on the rattan deck chair*] Oh-Oh-Yah!

HODGSON

Careful. Careful, there! [*He stoops and picks up two of the babies, sitting them on his shoulders*] Where's the old man? [GRIGGS *picks up the other child and puts it in* MRS. HORN'S *lap*]

MRS. HORN

[*Trying to rise*] Hui-He-Yah!

GRIGGS

Here—hold tight—heave ho—all together. [*He assists* MRS. HORN *to her feet. She smiles*]

HODGSON

Now tell us, Mamma,—Where's your old man?

MRS. HORN

[*With scorn*] My old man? Hui He! [*She gestures with her shoulders, expressing helplessness*]

GRIGGS

Lay off the moans, old lady—cheer up! [*He slaps her back and she begins to smile broadly*] Much better,—much better—she's real fascinating when she smiles, ain't she, Bill?

HODGSON

[*Winking at* GRIGGS] Garod, what a valentine!

MRS. HORN

[*Regaining her good humor*] Get along, you scamps —what you want—hein?

GRIGGS

Bring out a white man's cigarette for the love of God!

MRS. HORN

[*With an empty gesture*] Cigarettes! Not got yet.

HODGSON

[*Astonished*] Not got yet! The boat's in, ain't it? Jack here and I are 'bout ready to commit murder for a Piedmont.

MRS. HORN

The boat is in. Yes—— [*Points to the shop*] But does he care—that man—my husband? He sleeps.

GRIGGS

I tell you, mamma, if we don't get a human skag pretty soon we'll get fierce. Where is he?

[MRS. HORN *gestures in the direction of store, folds her hands, closes her eyes and gives a snore.*]

GRIGGS

Asleep, huh? Just wait—[*Starts for store*]

HODGSON

We'll have that bird on his feet and down to the dock—chop-chop pronto! [*Starts after* GRIGGS]

MRS. HORN

[*Jeeringly*] I think so,—no!

HODGSON

[*At the door*] I think so, yes. [*They clatter into the store noisily,* MRS. HORN *laughs and composes herself, washing the baby's face with a fold of the Mother Hubbard which she moistens in her mouth*]

MRS. HORN

La la la la la lu lu lu lo lo lo——la la. [SERGEANT TIM O'HARA *enters. He is a tall, well set-up fellow of about thirty-five, stalwart—tanned—pleasing to look at. He is fair with kindly blue eyes and jolly smile, and very spick and span in his morning whites.*]

MRS. HORN

Hello—there, you O'Hara——

O'HARA

—Morning, mamma. How is it by you today?

MRS. HORN

[*Sniffing*] Not so good.

O'HARA

Not so bad, I guess——

MRS. HORN

Mebbe a bit good. Plenty bad.

O'HARA

What's the trouble?—Old man acting up again?

MRS. HORN

[*Indignantly*] How you talk—What you say—my

husband is very, very good man—sleep too much—mebbe—drink—sometimes a little mebbe too, sometimes not come home—mebbe no—but always he is very, very good man, my husband—[O'HARA *laughs.* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *enter lugging with them* JOE HORN, *the trader of Pago Pago.* [HORN *is a monstrously large man. He has tousled white hair and a broad, good humored, shrewdly tolerant countenance. He stands rubbing his eyes—a somewhat ludicrous figure in dirty white dungaree trousers and pyjama coat. His bare feet are thrust into broken down, laceless shoes.*]

HORN

Not so fast—not so fast—what's all this? Where am I?

MRS. HORN

Where is he—he asks.

HORN

[*Smiling and rubbing his eyes*] To be sure—as usual we find ourselves at home. Bosom of the family. [*Two of the children grasp him by the leg.*] Either keep them out of my sight, Mrs. Horn, or wipe their noses. [MRS. HORN *pulls the children away from their father, who makes her an exaggerated bow.*] Greetings, fair one, greetings.

MRS. HORN

[*Sniffing*] Greetings. He gives his wife greetings!

HORN

[*To* O'HARA] Naturally I greet my blossom of delight—Damn fine woman, Mrs. Horn. Excellent woman. Sometimes I wish she was in Hell.

MRS. HORN

Always he jokes like that. My Joe—Such a man he is for fun!

HORN

[*Agreeably*] Well, what are we waiting for? Why this tension? What's expected of me?

O'HARA

The *Orduna's* in, Joe—been in for an hour.

HORN

What of it?

MRS. HORN

[*Screamingly*] What of it! What of it—the store is empty, no calico, no sardines, no peaches, no corned beef! No nothing!

HORN

[*Lazily*] Old Mother Hubbard——

GRIGGS

[*Hoisting* HORN *from his chair*] On your feet, mate, we want cigarettes!

HORN

[*Sitting again and lighting a cigarette calmly*] Go away! It is much too early in the morning for life's burdens—let me first accustom myself to the fact that another day has come to join eternity—besides, this is Sunday, is it not—six days shalt thou labor——

GRIGGS

Bush-wa!—You should talk of Sunday. [*He and* HODGSON *propel* HORN *out of chair*]

HORN

[*Wearily*] If I must—I must. [*He chucks* MRS. HORN *under the chin then pauses in ponderous mischief.*] Wait a minute! Did you boys ever hear of Dr. Johnson?

GRIGGS

Sure! He was surgeon on the "Utah."

HORN

[*Scornfully*] No, my boy, no! Dr. Samuel Johnson!

HODGSON

[*Wearily*] Well, what did he do, Joe? [HORN, HODGSON *and* GRIGGS *start for the veranda.* HORN *in the lead.* HORN *suddenly stops again and turns toward* HODGSON *and* GRIGGS.]

HORN

[*Beginning to pontificate.*] Great works, says Dr. Johnson, are not performed by strength alone, but by perseverance—

GRIGGS

Yeah, that's right, Joe. [*Urging him to keep moving.*]

HORN

[*Deliberately walking as slowly as possible toward veranda.*] He who walks three hours a day will in seven years circle the globe.

[GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *propel* HORN *with difficulty out of the scene.*]

O'HARA

[*Reflectively*] Nothing like few wants and thorough satisfaction with what one's got, and every man is his own king.

AMEENA

[*Nodding amiably*] King! Sure, my father one time King Pago Pago here. I princess. I marry Joe Horn, Christian way, now Joe all same King. Alu he ca mi kapi.

O'HARA

[*Strolling toward the verandah.*] You gonna tell me all that again? I've heard it a million times!

AMEENA

[*Tartly.*] What you know? You only sailor man. Hui!

O'HARA

[*Leaning on the verandah rail*] Here's some people coming mamma off the "Orduna."

AMEENA

[*Waddling toward him*] Pipple come—pipple come here?

O'HARA

Yeah—look like missionaries.

AMEENA

Mee-sion-arry? God dam! I run!

O'HARA

Me too—[*He hastens after her, leaving the stage empty as* MRS. DAVIDSON *enters, followed by* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL. MRS. DAVIDSON *is a little woman with dull brown hair, stiffly arranged. Her face is long, like a sheep's, but she gives no impression of foolishness, rather of extreme alertness—she has the quick movement of a bird. She is dressed in black china silk and wears around her neck a gold chain from which dangles a small cross. Her prominent blue eyes look forth sharply from behind gold-rimmed pince nez. Her voice is high, metallic and without inflection. It falls on the ears with a hard monotony, irritating to the nerves, like the clamor of a pneumatic drill.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

This is the trader's pace—I believe—[*She gestures to* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL, *who have lingered on the verandah observing the landscape. They enter.* DR. MACPHAIL *is a man of forty, thin, pinched, with a bald patch on his crown. He is a man of humor and reticences. One likes him instinctively.* MRS. MACPHAIL *is a woman a little younger than her husband. She is the indefinite type of person, who looks like everyone else—polite—acquiescent—rather sweet and not at all sure of herself.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*To his wife.*] Now don't worry about the baggage, my dear. It will be taken care of in plenty of time. [*Seeing sign, he reads*] "Pago Pago, General Store Joe Horn, Prop."

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Looking about curiously*] No one seems to be about! I do hope we can get some lunch here, Robert. We breakfasted so early I feel rather faint.

MRS. DAVIDSON

The trader's wife serves meals here I believe—they're very bad I'm told, but we can't expect very much from Pago Pago. Thank heaven we shan't be here for long.

DR. MACPHAIL

Well, anyway I'll see what I can do. [*He exits into the store.*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] Is this a hotel?

MRS. DAVIDSON

Well, not exactly. This man Horn accommodates people from time to time while they're changing boats, that's all, I believe.

MRS. MACPHAIL

Oh, you've been here before then?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Strolling toward verandah*] Oh yes, Mr. Davidson and I were here on our way to America a year ago.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Following her*] How beautiful it all is. I hope we'll have time for a walk, after lunch.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Oh, there's nothing to see but a few native huts and the Naval Station and the Governor's house. [*She points*] That's it. Just around the corner.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Astonished*] Is *that* the Governor's house? Why, it's only a bungalow.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Turning back into room*] As I say there's nothing to see, but when my husband comes back we'll take a turn about—It can't take him long to transfer our baggage. [MRS. MACPHAIL *and* MRS. DAVIDSON *seat themselves at the dining room table.*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

I must confess I rather dread the rest of the trip on the schooner.

MRS. DAVIDSON

You well may! But think of Mr. Davidson and myself! We shall have ten days more on the schooner when we leave you at Apia. [*She pauses then remarks sharply*] I'm sorry though, you're getting your first impressions of the South Seas from these Islands.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Innocently*] Why?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*As though imparting a dreadful fact*] They're far below the moral standard—The steamers touching here make the people unsettled—Then there's the Naval Station—That's bad for the natives. [*Shaking her head at the awful thought*] Oh! It's almost a hopeless task for the missionaries here.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Curiously*] Really!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Very earnestly*] Your husband's coming is most timely, Mrs. MacPhail! Mr. Davidson was saying only last night that at last the Institute had sent the right man for the right job. Diseased conditions here are terrific!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*As though to change the subject*] I suppose we'll be stationed several months in Apia. What's it like there?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Determined the subject shall continue*] It's a dreadful place! The British own it you see. The missionaries haven't as much power as they ought to have, and the place is over-run with American prostitutes.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Taken back*] How horrible!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Drawing her chair closer to* MRS. MACPHAIL, *and speaking almost in a whisper*] You remember what we were talking about the other night?—Have you told Dr. MacPhail yet?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Hesitatingly*] You mean about what their marriage customs used to be?—Yes!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*With relish*] What did he say?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Slowly*] Well—he never says very much, but I'm sure he thought it was perfectly awful.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Eagerly continuing*] You made it all clear to him I hope? About what the old men and women used to do—about the common house—about the festivals?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Rather flustered*] I—tried—to— [*Her speech is broken by* DR. MACPHAIL *who enters from the store followed by* MRS. HORN.]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*To his wife and* MRS. DAVIDSON] This is our hostess, Mrs. Horn—She has promised us some lunch. [*To* MRS. HORN] About twelve you said, didn't you?

MRS. HORN

[*Languidly*] Oh, a long time. I go send girl now—kill chicken—come home by'n-by. [*She crosses and exits.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

H-m! Colorful, if not aesthetic!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*To* DR. MACPHAIL] Well? I hear that Mrs. MacPhail has been telling you some of the things about these islands which I couldn't, even though you are a doctor.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Mildly interested*] What things?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Warming to her subject*] About the moon dancing —The sugarcane festival—etcetera!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Rather amused*] Ah, yes, yes.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Can you imagine such depravity!—Such dances!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Whimsically*] Tell me Mrs. Davidson, when you were a little girl did you ever dance around the Maypole?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Mystified*] It's quite possible that I did. Why?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Enjoying himself immensely*] Oh nothing, except that I believe the custom of the Maypole had its origin in festivals somewhat similar to those you have been telling my wife about.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Totally lost as to what it's all about*] I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Turning away with satisfaction*] Yes, that's possible. [SERGEANT O'HARA *makes his appearance, urging before him two natives who seem determined to take their own good time.*]

O'HARA

You boys hurry up. Go down dock running. Many fella want cigarettes. Hurry up! Plenty rain soon coming. [*He exits.*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

It can't be going to rain, can it?

MRS. DAVIDSON

Very likely. This is the beginning of the rainy season.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Looking off*] But the sky is so blue!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Affectionately taking her hand*] Yes, my dear. The coral is red, the sky is blue, sugar is sweet and so are you!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[Pointing toward the sky] Do you see those fleecy little gray clouds? The shape of spoons—they look like puffs of smoke.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Looking as directed*] Yes.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Note how they are gathering together. We shall certainly have rain in a little while. [SERGEANT O'HARA *re-enters.*]

O'HARA

[*Calling to the natives*] Hurry up, now! Go beach runnun! Make bring damn double quick!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*To* O'HARA] Young man, do you know whether our baggage has been taken from the ship?

O'HARA

[*Touching his hat*] No ma'am. I don't know a thing about it.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Exasperated*] Oh! the procrastinations of these people are terrible!

O'HARA

[*Ironically*] Yes ma'am, they are terrible. Terrible indeed! [*He lounges into an easy chair on the verandah.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*To Mrs. Davidson*] Hadn't I better go down to the dock and see what's happening?

MRS. DAVIDSON

I wish you would.

DR. MACPHAIL

I shall [*He exits down stage verandah fanning himself with his hat*] [*MRS. HORN enters from up stage verandah and speaks to* MRS. DAVIDSON.]

MRS. HORN

[*Amiably*] Girl kill chicken now—by'n-by you get eating lunch.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Lunch *will* be welcome.

O'HARA

[*Jumping to his feet*] Here's more company coming, mama!

MRS. HORN

More company coming? What you say?

O'HARA

Yeah. More company—I'd say there was. [PRIVATE GRIGGS *rushes in.*]

GRIGGS

Oh buddy! You ought to see the dame the Orduna's quartermaster's got in tow!—they're both heaving this way—full rigged—all sails set!

HODGSON

[*Rushing in after* GRIGGS] Wait till you see this baby, Tim! Wait till you see it!

GRIGGS

[*He whacks O'HARA on back*] Get your prettiest smile on, me hearty—get it on.

O'HARA

Hey—lay off that—or I'll swab the decks with you —what's the matter with you?

HODGSON

[*Hugging* O'HARA *and pointing*] Wait till you see see it! Wait till you see it! [HODGSON *clasps* GRIGGS —*they shuffle good-naturedly across stage in helpless laughter.*]

O'HARA

Stow that, you cubs!—For God's sake act like you had some sense. Are you crazy?

GRIGGS

Sure. The heat's gone to our head. [*Off stage we hear a woman's laughter—shrill, throaty, good-natured, then into the scene comes* MISS SADIE THOMPSON, *hanging on the arm of* QUARTERMASTER BATES *of the S. S. "Orduna."* MISS THOMPSON *is a slim, blondish young woman, very pretty, very cheery, very rakish. She has a tip tilted nose and merry eyes. She walks easily, without self-consciousness. There is something of the grace of a wild animal in her movements, something primitive perhaps, even as her clothes suggest savage and untutored responses to cut and color. It is undoubtedly her best hat and frock that she has on. It is the sort of hat and frock a lady of her specie anxious to be taken notice of would wear for appearance at the race tracks in Honolulu or Yokohama or Shanghai—the sort of hat and frock that neither opulence nor vegetation nor plethora nor sunlight could dismay. We shall not attempt to describe it—but we believe the hat is of white straw and heavily beplumed and that her coat is of the white lace under which flashes of salmon pink sateen are visible. High button shoes,* MISS SADIE THOMPSON *wears, and open-work stockings—and she carries a not very new parasol which does not match her dress. When she moves there is a rattling sound due to the many imitation silver, gold and jade bangles on her wrists. On entering she pauses and clutches her companion's arm.* QUARTERMASTER BATES, MISS THOMPSON'S *companion, is a wizened little man with a large moustache. He is*

several inches shorter than the effulgent MISS THOMPSON—*but he is blithely unaware of this discrepancy. He is highly pleased at the fine figure he believes he cuts, and his whole attitude is that of one who is entirely convincd that he is quite a dashing dog and a devil with the ladies. He twirls his moustache—as* MISS THOMPSON *lets go his arm and gestures with her fringy parasol.*]

SADIE

[*Loudly*] So—I'm to be parked here, am I, dearie? [*She looks about her with bright interest.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In a tense whisper to* MRS. MACPHAIL] That's the girl from the second class he was dancing so outrageously with at the captain's ball last night!

MRS. MACPHAIL

Yes, I thought it rather daring to bring her up to the first cabin, didn't you?

BATES

[*Gallantly to* SADIE] Make yourself right to home, Sadie.

SADIE

[*Clicking her heels together.*] I will! —Well, well! [*Points with parasol to the verandah.*] Rail to put one's feet on, 'n everything. [*Sees three marines.*] [*She does a step of the hornpipe, then waves her parasol at them.*] Ha! "Join the Navy and see the world"—Good boys—that's right—nothing like this where you come from I'll bet—[*She points to the landscape—the three marines remain. speechless*—MRS. HORN *waddles forward, her children at her skirts*]

BATES

How de do Mrs. Horn—How's Joe?

MRS. HORN

Allo Quartermaster! Joe—he damn fine.

BATES

How's all the kids? No new ones since my last trip? [*He pokes her amiably and winks—at this* MRS. HORN *laughs, highly pleased and* SADIE *exclaims heartily*]

SADIE

Some outlay the lady's got, I'll remark—— [*She turns to Bates.*] Any of them yours, little honeysuckle? [MRS. HORN *and* BATES *find this remark tremendously funny.* MRS. HORN *holds her fat sides with laughter. Between gasps she manages to say,*

pointing to MISS THOMPSON]

MRS. HORN

Who is these—mebbe you bring back wife this trip —eh?

BATES

Get that, Sadie? She thinks you're my wife—

SADIE

Say, do I look that weak of intellect, do I look that artless? Should I marry the little husband of all the world? No, lady, no matter what I am, I'm no pansy stick pin, I broke out of my plush case years ago! [*At this remark we see the rigid back of* MRS. DAVIDSON, *who is seated down stage on one of the iron cafe chairs at the littered table, becomes more rigid.* MRS. MACPHAIL *draws a little closer to* MRS. DAVIDSON. *These two ladies do not speak but they look— volumes.* MISS THOMPSON *now strolls towards* O'HARA, *who is standing a little apart from his companions. She smiles at him in a friendly way*] Hello, Handsome! When did you leave Kansas? [GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *howl with laughter*]

GRIGGS

Ha, ha, the lady's got your number, Tim, it's written all over your map.

HODGSON

Ha, ha! She got you that time, kid.

SADIE

[*Addressing* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON, *her hands on her hips*] Say, little high school boys, cover your books. I was addressing this gentleman. Run back to recess or the girls will get the basketball. [*She observes* O'HARA *shrewdly*] No! Couldn't mistake it. You got a corn belt baby stare that screams. But don't get mad! I mean it kindly!

HODGSON

[*Mischievously*] He is very shy, miss, don't mind him.

O'HARA

Shut up—you half-whittled pin—

GRIGGS

[*Prancing like a school boy*] He's liable to bite, miss—better keep away.

O'HARA

Stow that blab—or I'll—— [*He half starts at* GRIGGS.]

SADIE

[*In great good humor.*] Don't hurt 'em, Handsome —I came from Kansas once myself—as fast as I could hoof it—[*She comes a little toward him.*] How are you? [*She offers her hand—he takes it.*]

O'HARA

[*Shyly*] Fine—very pleased to meet a lady. [GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *howl*]

SADIE

What's the matter with these two colts? [*She regards them severely*] They act as though they had too much oats. [*She turns to* O'HARA] I'd ration their feed if I was you—bad thing to jump 'em from milk too fast. Young things like that should be put to grass first, I am a farmer's daughter, so I know. [BATES *howls at this sally, and* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *look discomfited.* O'HARA *smiles in increasing embarrassment*]

BATES

[*Gallantly*] Take a seat, Sadie—make yourself comfortable. Meet these ladies—[*He attempts to lead her over to* MRS. DAVIDSON.]

SADIE

[*Bringing him up shore*] No, little cute one. Now

I've got my bearings I think I will go out into the sunshine—Who's coming with me? [*To* BATES] You, buttercup?

BATES

Can't do it, Sadie—I've got to buy some stores for the ship—why don't one of you boys take Sadie out!

GRIGGS

I am a wonderful little guide.

HODGSON

Don't believe him, ma'am, I wrote the book he guides by——

SADIE

Yes, I bet you write a grand Spencerian hand. [*Turns to* O'HARA] I'm taking Handsome—[*crosses to* O'HARA—*links her arm in his.*] Tag in back if you like but don't get run over. [*To* QUARTERMASTER BATES] We'll be back for lunch, dearie—Don't forget that swell feed you promised me on shore? No shark steak or raw eels, please—but all the rest of the atmosphere—and plenty of that cocoanut hooch you mentioned.

BATES

Where are you going, Sadie?

SADIE

I want to see the cannibals and everything—a tout a l' heur, little one—that's French for au revoir, if you know the language. [*She exits with* O'HARA—*followed by sailors—waving parasols as she goes.*]

MRS. HORN

[*Admiringly to* BATES] Nice, grand lady—who is she?—Hien?

BATES

[*Twirling his moustache*] Friend of mine. Her name is Miss Sadie Thompson.

MRS. HORN

Where she come from?

BATES

Came aboard at Honolulu——

MRS. HORN

She go Apia?

BATES

Ye'ah—got a job down there—cashier in sugar godown—

MRS. HORN

She make change boat here—hien?

BATES

Ye-ah, she is waiting for the schooner—you fix us up one tip-top lunch—see?

MRS. HORN

A'right—I do— [*She starts to exit—nudges him—winks.*] Aw—you davill! [*Exits with children into store.*] [*During all the above* MRS. DAVIDSON *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *have been sitting in silence.* MRS. DAVIDSON'S *sharp eyes gleaming behind her pince nez.* MRS. MACPHAIL *is interested and undecided.* MRS. DAVIDSON'S *long upper lip is tightly pressed against her lower lip, and* MRS. MACPHAIL *from time to time is concerned with the attitude of mind she will be expected to take.* BATES *now approaches them*]

BATES

Well ladies, I bet you're glad to be on shore again—

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Sharply*] We are very well, thank you—tell me have you seen Mr. Davidson anywhere?

BATES

He is aboard the schooner, I think— If I see him

—shall I tell him you want him?

MRS. DAVIDSON

Do not trouble—

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BATES

No trouble—I'll be taking Miss Thompson's things over soon.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Miss Thompson?—

BATES

The young lady that was just here.

MRS. DAVIDSON

She was in the second class, wasn't she?

BATES

Yes—but it'll be all one class to Apia—you'll meet her there—she's full of life.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Dryly*] I believe it!

BATES

If I see Reverend Davidson I shall be glad to——

MRS. DAVIDSON

It will not be necessary——

BATES

Just as you say—ma'am——

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Turning her back on* BATES *and speaking to* MRS. MACPHAIL.] I think that we will be more comfortable in these cane chairs—[*She rises, followed by* MRS. MACPHAIL, *and the two seat themselves in the cane chairs at right centre;* BATES *exit. After he has gone,* MRS. DAVIDSON *leans towards* MRS. MACPHAIL *and says*] These ship quartermasters are always dreadfully officious.

[*During the above conversation it has steadily grown darker. A greenish yellow aspect has crept over earth and sky—the clean sunlight of the opening scene has*

become heavy and turgid. Now the wind begins to moan faintly and a grey pall settles over the scene.]

MRS. MACPHAIL

How dark it's getting—and it is hotter than ever! [*Fans herself.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

You must expect it—this time of year. [*Voices are heard off stage.*] REV. MR. DAVIDSON *enters, followed by* DR. MACPHAIL. DAVIDSON *is a man of singular aspect. He is very tall and thin, with long limbs loosely jointed, hollow cheeks and curiously high cheek bones; he has so cadaverous an air that it is a great surprise to note how full and sensual are his lips. He wears his hair very long. His eyes, set deep in thin sockets are large and tragic; his finely shaped hands give him a look of great strength. The most striking thing about him is the feeling he gives of suppressed fire. His is a personality that is impressive and vaguely troubling. With the entrance of* DAVIDSON *the rain begins to fall—not heavily—but lightly—touching the tin roof with a strange sighing refrain. There is a scurry of bare feet on the verandah. The natives start to let down the bamboo rain shutters.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

What's the matter, Alfred?—has anything happened?

REV. DAVIDSON

[*Clearing his throat*] Unwelcome news. We can't start for Apia today.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Not start today? Why—what——

REV. DAVIDSON

One of the sailors aboard the schooner has come down with cholera. We can't sail until it is certain that none of the rest of the crew are affected. It means a delay of several days.

MRS. MACPHAIL

But where can we stay—not here, certainly.

REV. DAVIDSON

Here—certainly—there is no other accommodation in Pago Pago. We shall have to be thankful there is a roof over our heads—a bed to sleep on.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Can nothing be done?

REV. DAVIDSON

It is barely possible that I may be able to persuade the Governor to make an exception in our case. I am going to see him now.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Take an umbrella, Alfred.

REV. DAVIDSON

No. [*Exits. The others watch him go.* MRS. DAVIDSON *sighs deeply.* MRS. MACPHAIL *looks at her husband weakly.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

I doubt whether he can do much. Peculiar chaps these governors. Their jobs are so easy, they have to make them look difficult.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Grimly*] Mr. Davidson usually gets what he sets out to get—

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Dryly*] He is luckier than most of us then—
[*Two natives enter from the verandah with boxes of merchandise on their heads. They cross the scene and exit into the trader's store*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Watching them, speaking generally*] A fine race, aren't they? Make us all look awkward. Notice how their muscles mould into the flesh without one ugly line?

MRS. DAVIDSON

I am not an artist, Dr. MacPhail. I am not concerned with their bodies. It is my business to think of their souls. [*Pauses, then says sharply*] Thank God, we have practically eradicated the lava lava in our district.

MRS. MACPHAIL

What is that?

MRS. DAVIDSON

The native costume! Mr. Davidson thinks that it ought to be prohibited by law. How can you expect a people to be moral when they wear nothing but a strip of cloth around their loins?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Mopping his brow*] Suitable enough for the climate, I should say.

MRS. DAVIDSON

On our islands only a few old men still wear the

lava lava— The others wear trousers and singlets— and the women have all taken to the Mother Hubbard.

DR. MACPHAIL

Whoever designed that garment certainly had it in for natural beauty.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Natural beauty has nothing to do with the case. I tell you that the inhabitants of these Islands will never be thoroughly Christianized until every boy of ten is made to wear trousers and every woman a Mother Hubbard. [HORN *enters from the verandah. A native carrying a box of tobacco follows him. The native crosses into the store and* HORN *sinks into his rattan deck chair, wearily*]

HORN

Tough luck for you folks this about the cholera— looks as though you were in for a stay here.

DR. MACPHAIL

Any chance of this rain letting up today?

HORN

Not for long, the rainy season's on, and Pago Pago is about the rainiest place in the Pacific when it rains —sometimes we don't see the sun for weeks this

time of year. You get so used to the infernal downpour, you can hear a pin drop.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Breaking in*] We may as well settle about accommodations at once—have you any rooms that you can let us have?

HORN

You will want two sleeping rooms, I take it, for your party?

MRS. DAVIDSON

Yes—

HORN

Best I can do is put you upstairs—

MRS. DAVIDSON

How much will the rooms be—

HORN

Oh—about four dollars a day—meals included.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Nervously*] Could—could we look at them?

HORN

Ameena—Ameena— [*Off stage* MRS. HORN *answers*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Sotto-voce to* MRS. MACPHAIL] Don't expect much, I know what these places are; we will be lucky if the roof doesn't leak—as for the rest—it is bound to be awful—so don't be disappointed. [MRS. HORN *enters, followed as usual by her children*]

HORN

Ah—my spouse— Conduct these ladies upstairs to the—er—royal suite—point out all the comforts and elegances— [*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] The roof leaks only a little. It is wise of you to resolve not to be disappointed

MRS. HORN

[*To* MRS. DAVIDSON *and* MRS. MACPHAIL.] *Alright* ladies—I put you in—come 'long—upstairs— [MRS. HORN *starts upstairs with the children, smiling hospitably.* MRS. DAVIDSON *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *exchange looks and then follow* MRS. HORN. MRS. DAVIDSON *stalks ahead.* MRS. MACPHAIL *draws her skirts carefully about her legs and looks resigned. The children stumble and clamor and* MRS. HORN *screams*]

HORN

Try a cigar. New stock came in today.

DR. MACPHAIL

Thanks—I stick to a pipe.

HORN

[*Fumbling under and producing bottle of square face.*] Drink? MACPHAIL *shakes head.* HORN *pours drink, smacks lips*] Sightseeing?

DR. MACPHAIL

Not exactly—

HORN

[*Pauses and regards* MACPHAIL *with a scrutinizing eye.*] You are not a missionary, I can see that.

DR. MACPHAIL

No, I'm not a missionary—you're right.

HORN

Can't exactly place you, though.

DR. MACPHAIL

I'm a doctor.

HORN

Much better—

DR. MACPHAIL

You sound prejudiced—

HORN

Prejudiced? Oh no; damned fine people, missionaries!—Got plenty of good friends among 'em. Some traders are afraid of them, but I've always found 'em all right—my only objection to them is—eh, well they're kind of shy on humor.

DR. MACPHAIL

Is that a necessary qualification for the job?

HORN

It helps—in any job.

DR. MACPHAIL

Persuading your neighbors to believe what you believe—is a serious business, friend.

HORN

[*Gulping a drink*] Gotta have a single track mind for it—anyway—

DR. MACPHAIL

Just so. There's no place for the light touch in reform.

HORN

[*Spitting a bit of cigar out of his mouth*] That's a word I can't listen to without spitting. It's my belief these reform folk fighting public depravity are only fighting their own hankering for indulgences they suspect others of——! [*He gulps a drink*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Smiling*] Just so! They chase you with a hatchet because they'd like a drink too? Is that it?

HORN

Shouldn't wonder! [*Leans forward confidentially*] I hear life's terrible back home in the States now.

DR. MACPHAIL

How so?

HORN

Everybody being made to behave——

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Smiling whimsically*] Yes, we live in the day of

the new commandment—"Thou shalt not enjoy thyself."

HORN

I saw it coming twenty years ago—that's why I left Chicago—I wanted peace. Gad—I found it too—[*Yawns*] nothing like it, brother, nothing like it. [*He stretches his arms and then continues*] Friend, you behold here the last remnants of an earthly paradise—look yonder— [*Points to landscape.*] See where the mountains touch the clouds of heaven? Then tell me how it shall benefit the scheme of things to impose your bleak civilization upon all that? There's my quarrel with the good missionaries—they can never understand why—in the face of all that— [*Points again to landscape*] the formulas and codes of living prescribed for the right thinkers of Ohio, U. S. A.—crack like muama pods in the sunshine.

DR. MACPHAIL

Yes, I can readily see how the codes and formulas you mention might feel a little out of place set against all that exuberance of nature. [*Pauses and smiles*] Sort of like a schoolma'am waking up in a harem, what?

HORN

Take these islanders, Doctor! They're naturally the happiest, most contented people on earth—they ask-

ing nothing of life save to be allowed to sing and eat —dance and sleep—thinking gives them a headache— the trees and the sea give 'em all the food they want —so they don't have to fight—they're satisfied with their gods of wind and wave—then along comes Mr. Missionary in broadcloth and spectacles and tells 'em they're lost souls and have to be saved whether they want to be or not!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Reflectively*] Too bad that man couldn't develop a soul without losing the Garden of Eden——

HORN

[*Smiling*] You're a real philosopher, Doctor MacPhail—

DR. MACPHAIL

Call me an observer of life, rather!

HORN

Ditto, brother—an observer of life who sees the joke! [*During the last two speeches we hear, off stage, a succession of staccato squeals and laughing shrill cries. Now* MISS SADIE THOMPSON *comes into view; she rushes across the verandah and into the scene. Close at her elbow is* O'HARA—*and hard at her heels* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON—*after them hurries*

QUARTERMASTER BATES. SADIE *has lifted her skirts above her head to protect her hat from the rain. She stands center stage, laughing and pulling down her dresses. The men are carrying* SADIE'S *luggage—an oddly assorted multitude of objects hastily thrown together in shawls and large handkerchiefs. There is one very old and battered suitcase.*]

SADIE

Christ on the mountaintop! That was sudden—and me in the only decent togs I've got to my name. [*To her escorts*] Put that stuff down anywhere, boys — [*They deposit her luggage at the back of the room and stand wiping the rain from their eyes.*] Behold —the Wreck of the Hesperus! [*She removes her hat and flicks the ostrich feathers*] H'm—that plume has waved its last—farewell, pretty one—farewell—I guess any idea of me looking neat and chipper when I get to Apia is shot to pieces, eh, what?

BATES

Don't worry, Sadie, you'll dry out.

SADIE

[*Carelessly*] Shi-cat-a-gani— Shi-cat-a-gani— that's what the Japs in Honolulu say when they mean "I should worry."

BATES

[*To* HORN.] How are you, Joe?

HORN

[*Not rising*] Never better, Quartermaster. [*They shake hands*]

BATES

[*To* SADIE] Shake hands with Joe Horn, Sadie—Miss Sadie Thompson, Joe.

SADIE

[*Laughing*] Your climate's bum, Mr. Horn.

HORN

Sorry, it's the best we've got.

SADIE

Oh, I am not blaming you—what is this about the delay—how long am I booked for this burg—do you know?

HORN

Well, I'd compose myself for a two weeks' stay—

SADIE

Two weeks— That being the case, what can't be helped can't be helped, as the canary said when the cat swallowed it.

BATES

Don't fret about that job in Apia, Sadie, they will keep it for you.

SADIE

I never fret, little one. Make the best of things today—they're bound to be worse tomorrow. [*She smiles in good humor*] Anyway, I like the boys here.

BATES

You will find Sadie some place to sleep, won't you, Joe?

HORN

All the up-stairs is let—there's kind of a store-room down here—though— [*Points to door covered by bead curtains*] It is a pretty fair size, and I guess we can rig up a bed—

BATES

[*Confidentially to* HORN] You know how it is—being short when one is travelling—Sadie left Honolulu kind of sudden—she's a square kid, down on her luck a bit. She can't pay more than a dollar a day. You got to take her for that, Joe.

SADIE

[*Eagerly*] I was telling the Quartermaster I'll

board myself—I got a burner with me—I don't eat so much.

HORN

Oh, that'll be all right. Mrs. Horn will fix you up. Take a look at the room if you like. [*Drinks*]

SADIE

Much obliged. [*She crosses to room, parts curtains and peeps in,* BATES *crosses to* DR. MACPHAIL *who has been watching the foregoing scene with quiet amusement*]

BATES

You and your folks fixed up O. K.?

DR. MACPHAIL

Yes, we're upstairs. I see the Orduna's getting up steam.

BATES

Captain's taking no chance of getting stuck here. We're leaving just as soon as we get our clearance papers.

SADIE

[*Having peeped into the room, returns*] I'll do

fine there. Home with me is where my other pair of shoes is.

BATES

[*To* DR. MACPHAIL] You ain't met Miss Sadie Thompson, have you, Doctor.

DR. MACPHAIL

No, I have not had the pleasure. [SADIE *smiles and bows*]

BATES

If you get sick, Sadie, yell for Dr. MacPhail.

SADIE

[*Scornfully*] Get sick? Never in my life: I'm so healthy that it hurts. Well, now that it's settled where I flop, let's all have a shot of hootch; I have some rye with me that's not long for this world—it's far too good. [*To* O'HARA, *who is perched with* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *on the table at the back of the room*] Say, Handsome, in that parcel you're resting on you'll find an object tied up in a red handkerchief —bring it out. [O'HARA *begins to undo the parcel which is tied up in a blanket.* DR. MACPHAIL *starts to exit,* SADIE *stops him*] That includes you too, Doc. What you rushing off for? Seeing we're all stranded here, why not get friendly?

MACPHAIL

Thanks—it is a little early for me. [*To Horn*] I'll take this umbrella if I may, and meet Davidson. [*Exits*]

SADIE

[*Watching him exit*] I'd say that's one wise old bird— [*To* O'HARA] If the red-eye isn't in that parcel, it's in the brown box.

BATES

You sure are a live wire, Sadie.

SADIE

Oh, I believe in living while one can—we're all going to be a long time dead.

BATES

[*To* HORN] Yay Ha! She sure can stir things up, this kid here, can't she?

SADIE

[*Patting* BATES *shoulder and speaking to* HORN] I suppose I'll find it pretty quiet down in Apia, won't I?

HORN

[*Gallantly*] Things ought to brighten up considerable after you get there, anyway!

SADIE

[*In a simpery voice*] O-h-h——Mis-ter——Ho-ho-horn! [*She winks at him then turns to* O'HARA] Say, you are slow! I'd have thought you'd be thirsty enough to locate by instinct—here—I'll look. [*Crosses and begins to rummage*]

GRIGGS

[*Looking over her shoulder as she delves into her belongings*] Twist the devil's tail—if this ain't a phonograph!

SADIE

Yep! Brought it along for company. Never can tell when one's going to be lonesome.

HODGSON

[*Delighted*] Golly. Got any records?

SADIE

Lots. Wrapped up in my dirty clothes—hah! Here's the shy Kentucky refugee. I knew I stowed it safe somewhere. [*She finds bottle and holds it up*] Who has a corkscrew?

BATES

[*Producing corkscrew from pocket*] Now ain't that a purty sight.

SADIE

[*Handing him bottle*] Truly very winsome, very winsome, Mr. Bates! [*To* GRIGGS, *who is taking out phonograph horn*] Look out, Plainfield, that horn's filled with lingerie.

BATES

[*Pulling cork*] Here you are. [GRIGGS *puts phonograph on table and fixes horn to it*]

BATES

[*Passing bottle to* SADIE] You first dearie.

SADIE

[*Raising bottle to her lips*[Friend of mine slipped me that before I left Honolulu. "Not that you'll need it, Sadie," said he—"you were born hooched." I sure was! Why not? Saves a lot of jack these days.

BATES

No, you sure don't need hootch to pep up.

O'HARA

I'll find a glass for you, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

Down the hatch! What for! [*She takes a swallow,*

makes a face, coughs, hands bottle to HORN. *During the ensuing scene the bottle goes from hand to hand.* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *are examining the record.*]

GRIGGS

[*Finding a record.*] Holy Willie—"The Wabash Blues!"

SADIE

Put it on! Music and a nip of likka—that's what a rainy day is for, says I. [*To* O'HARA] Can you dance, Handsome?

O'HARA

No, Miss Thompson, I'm a clubfoot!— I never could twist my legs right.

SADIE

I'll learn you before I leave—that's a threat—[*Laughs*] the Quartermaster here is a great stepper. You ought to see him shake a shoulder. For one of his size and years, you'd be surprised. Come on, Ethelbert, and show these island boys how hip meets hip in the gay cafes of Honolulu. [*The quartermaster gaily steps forward and seizes* SADIE *around the waist. He is a little higher than her ears. She puts him in position*]

BATES

Nothing too fancy now, Sadie.

SADIE

We'll begin trifling and light—[*They start to dance to the huge delight of the marines.* HORN *watches amusedly. The three dusky children stumble and crawl down from upstairs and clap their hands at the sight.*]

GRIGGS

Look—Batesy's one jump ahead of a fit.

HODGSON

One frantic kangaroo!

SADIE

Easy there—easy there—whoa—[MRS. HORN *comes down with a feather duster—watches in amazement—then smiles broadly*] Don't bounce—take it easy and smooth—the word to remember is "glide," dearie. It isn't the dance that counts, it's the rhythm. [MRS. DAVIDSON *suddenly appears, her eyes dark with disapproval.* MRS. MACPHAIL *follows her.* MRS. DAVIDSON *pushes her way through the children and comes down stage—right. Then she speaks, doing her best to keep her anger under control.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Young woman——[BATES *hops himself out of step and presently stumbles.* SADIE *pushes him away ignoring* MRS. DAVIDSON. *The music continues.* HODGSON *throws his hat on the floor and steps forward bravely. He seizes* SADIE *and whirls her about so vehemently that her hair falls down.*]

SADIE

[*Delightedly*] Good news from home!—Batesy—go hide your head. [*The speed of the dance is accellerated.* MRS. DAVIDSON *now comes determinedly into the scene.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Coming toward them*] Young woman—have you no respect for the Lord's Day?

SADIE

[*Without stopping*] What?

MRS. DAVIDSON

This is Sunday. Young woman—

SADIE

[*Slowing up her dance. To* MRS. DAVIDSON] Were you speaking to me?

MRS. DAVIDSON

I am just reminding you that this is the Sabbath.

SADIE

[*Amiably*] Let's see, yesterday was Saturday, right you are, sister! [*She goes on dancing, paying no further attention to* MRS. DAVIDSON.]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Following the dancers*] I protest! I protest! This must stop. [*They bump into* MRS. DAVIDSON.]

HODGSON

Are we disturbing you ma'am?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Curbing her fury as she fixes on her glasses again*] Whether I have been disturbed or not is of no consequence. There are six days in the week to dance if you must dance. [*To* HORN] Is this sort of thing general in your hotel on Sunday, Mr. Horn?

HORN

Well it's a general store, ma'am.

SADIE

'Nough said—the complaint's registered—We'll withdraw to my private suite if you've no objection. Mr. Horn.

HORN

No objection—as far as I'm concerned.

SADIE

[*To* HORN] Atta nice landlord!

[*To* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON] Come on boys, we're moving.

[*To* O'HARA] You take the records, Handsome.

[*To* BATES] And you, the hooch, little one—

[*To* HORN] Drop in later, if you feel like it, Mr. Horn—always glad to see you!

[*She crosses to the door, holds back the bead curtain while* O'HARA, GRIGGS, HODGSON *and* BATES *enter.* MRS. DAVIDSON *stares at* SADIE *with unwinking expressionless eyes.* SADIE *returns the stare with saucy amusement, then with a little swagger she exits into the room, rattling the bead curtains as she goes* MRS. DAVIDSON *turns sharply on* HORN, *who is laughing and lounging deep in his chair*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*To* HORN] Who is that young woman?

HORN

[*Drinking*] Her name, ma'am, is Thompson, so far as I know.

MRS. DAVIDSON

I mean—what is she?

HORN

I didn't inquire. She was on the *Orduna,* wasn't she?

[*Biting her lips*] I am aware she was.

[*She turns her back on him and crosses to* MRS. MACPHAIL, *who has been a meek observer of the*

scene. From SADIE'S *room a ragtime tune now comes bellowing merrily*]

[*To* MRS. MACPHAIL] I am afraid that Mr. Davidson will not like this at all.

MRS. MACPHAIL

I must say that I don't think she is very suitably dressed.

MRS. DAVIDSON

She is an extremely common woman. I dislike being under the same roof with her.

[HORN *rises, gives a loud laugh and lounges off the scene.* MRS. DAVIDSON *watches him go disapprovingly. She turns to* MRS. MACPHAIL *with set lips—she is very angry*]

Did you notice—that man was almost insolent! I tell you on our island we have the traders trained. A man like this whiskey-bibbing Horn would not be tolerated. Mr. Davidson would drive him out at once.

MRS. MACPHAIL

How?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Gives a short sharp laugh*] You do not know Mr. Davidson. There was a man by the name of Fred Olsen once——

[*She stops and smiles.* MRS. MACPHAIL *looks up inquiringly.* MRS. DAVIDSON'S *smile increases in grimness*] It is a rather long story—I will let Mr. Davidson tell it sometime.

[*The phonograph changes off stage to a wild Spanish Tango.* MRS. DAVIDSON *listens with set lips. The record is suddenly removed* MRS. MACPHAIL *sighs her relief*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

I'm glad she's stopped that music.

MRS. DAVIDSON

She is probably only changing the record. It didn't take her very long to get acquainted here, did it?

MRS. MACPHAIL

Well, you know people of that class aren't very particular. I daresay she's harmless enough. [MRS. DAVIDSON *gives a short unpleasant laugh*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure. [*Off stage are heard the voices of* MR. DAVIDSON *and* DR. MACPHAIL, *who enter.* MACPHAIL *closes umbrella and* DAVIDSON *comes toward his wife*]

MR. DAVIDSON

I've argued it out with the Governor but he says

there is nothing to be done. He is an obstinate man, afraid to do anything without official sanction.

MRS. DAVIDSON

That means ten days here.

MR. DAVIDSON

Two weeks probably—

MRS. DAVIDSON

Well, I've prepared for the worst and taken rooms upstairs for us. Each room is provided with a chair, a bed and a washstand—we can make out.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Sighing*] But wait until you see the beds, Robert.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Fortunately there's mosquito netting. I have managed to pin together some of the worst rents. Tomorrow, Mrs. MacPhail, you and I must sew them—If we do not, the night will be unendurable.

DR. MACPHAIL

Why not today? I have no fancy for being eaten up tonight.

MRS. DAVIDSON

I prefer not to do any sewing on the Sabbath if I can avoid it. It would be different if one were indecently exposed by a tear in one's clothes, for instance, but under the circumstances it might be a bad example to set before the natives.

[*At this point the phonograph in* SADIE'S *room starts again—this time a very crazy dance record. There is a sound of laughter and moving about, not disturbing or loud*—MR. DAVIDSON *starts,* MRS. DAVIDSON *looks apprehensive. Off stage we hear the whistle of the "Orduna"*]

MR. DAVIDSON

[*Putting his finger tips together*] This enforced inactivity is likely to prove wearisome—the only thing to do is to portion out the day to different occupations.

[*The music becomes louder and the noise of voices more penetrating.* DAVIDSON *listens, then continues*] Certain hours each day we had better put aside for study—Certain hours for exercise, rain or shine——

[*He pauses—it is evident the music is now irritating him. Again the "Orduna whistle is heard*] Then, too, certain hours must go for recreation.

[*The music crashes—he rises, his lips set—walks to the verandah and back to the table*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Recreation may be hard to find.

MR. DAVIDSON

[*Loud laugh from* SADIE] Someone appears to have found it——

MRS. DAVIDSON

Yes, that is a person from the second class—very flashily dressed—exceedingly common—in fact, she looks rather fast to me. [*To* MR. DAVIDSON] Perhaps you noticed her on the boat,

MR. DAVIDSON

No.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Quietly*] I met her. Rather a good natured girl, on her way to a position in Apia.

MR. DAVIDSON

What kind of a girl?

DR. MACPHAIL

Oh, just an ordinary human being—not over prosperous, I should say. [*The music becomes a little louder.* DAVIDSON *with an effort, controls a growing irritation*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*To* MRS. MACPHAIL] I must say that I think it

outrageous of her to keep this music up, don't you?
[*She half rises*]

DAVIDSON

[*Quietly, to his wife*] If she wishes to play her own machine, it is not our right to interfere.
[*Suddenly the music stops*—DAVIDSON *in relief turns to* MACPHAIL]
By the way, Doctor, I can show you a case of advanced elephantiasis in the hospital tomorrow, if you're interested.

DR. MACPHAIL

Um! A strange disease. Doctors are divided as to its origin.
[*There is now a sound of singing from* SADIE'S *room.* MR. DAVIDSON *listens. This is followed by laughter and voices. We see that* MR. DAVIDSON *is listening to* DR. MACPHAIL *with only one ear*]

DAVIDSON

[*Absently*] The origin of any disease, doctor, is overindulgence— [*to his wife*] There seem to be others in that room, too!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Indignantly*] Yes—she has the ship Quartermaster

in there, and three or four marines.

[*It is apparent that* DAVIDSON'S *mind is not on what* MACPHAIL *is saying—that he is annoyed and upset by the hub-bub in the next room*] [*Clapping and shuffle*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Bringing the subject back*] But all nature, Mr. Davidson, is first indulgence—then elimination—is it not?

DAVIDSON

I have no patience with the Darwinian Theory, doctor, in my opinion it should be prohibited by law——

[*Stops, speaks to his wife*] This girl, you say, was on the *Orduna*?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Acidly*] Yes—but Dr. MacPhail has met her—he can tell you more than I can——

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Impatiently*] She isn't anybody of importance——

[*To* DAVIDSON] I am interested, Davidson, in your theory of disease——

DAVIDSON

I believe any disease tendency can be brought under

control, just as weakness of the moral structure can. [*Speaking generally*] Music of this sort is deteriorating, isn't it?

DR. MACPHAIL

Your theory would be easy, Mr. Davidson, if any of us ever were—ever could be—certain of ourselves——

DAVIDSON

[*Sharply*] I disagree with you—why can't we be certain of ourselves?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Coolly*] Because in each and every one of us are hidden blights—erratic formations—undiscovered infirmities. An athlete seemingly fit as a fiddle crumples suddenly. Why? A faulty heart valve gives way! Not one of us can ever know ourselves until the moment of ultimate pressure—that's the pity of it!

[DR. MACPHAIL'S *speech is cut short by the sharp blast of the "Orduna's" whistle*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

The *Orduna* must be going out before her schedule time.

MRS. MACPHAIL

I sort of hate to have her go. She seems our last link with home somehow!

[*The door of* SADIE'S *room suddenly opens and* BATES *comes unsteadily, adjusting his cap. His step is jaunty however, and he smiles in vast contentment. From the room beyond comes the sound of laughter and of muffled song.* SADIE *appears at the door*]

SADIE

Better hurry or you'll get left, little one.

BATES

S-sorry can't wait for l-l-lunch—S-sadie—s-ee you again sometime—you're a good kid.

SADIE

Write me a nice little loving post card—now don't you forget.

BATES

Sure—nize li'l post card.

[*He puts his arm around her waist and gives her a resounding kiss*]

Bye-bye.

SADIE

Toodle-loo.

HORN

Aloha-oa.

SADIE

Sayonara.

[BATES *approaches* MR. *and* MRS. DAVIDSON *and* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL. *Bows gallantly.* SADIE *stands in door watching them.*]

BATES

Well I'm off—good luck to all you folks.

[*He makes a sweeping gesture with his cap and the "Orduna's" whistle is again heard*]

DAVIDSON

[*Decisively*] You had better get aboard, Quartermaster, as fast as you can.

BATES

Sure, got to be going—must get on—gotta hurry—boat's leaving—bye friends.

[*He starts off jauntily.* SADIE *begins to laugh at his uncertain stride.* O'HARA *and sailors appear back of her*]

SADIE

Look at the list on the little one.

O'HARA

Trim your sails to leeward, old timer, or you'll flounder.

[*The Quartermaster having got as far as the verandah begins to sing*]

BATES

[*Singing*]
Way up here in the frozen north,
In the land of the Eski-moo!
I got stranded on the "Sarah Jane"
And I guess I'll never get home again.
The Queen up here is named Gumdrop Sal
And she's mighty fine to me—
The King's in wrong and I'm in right
And the King goes out most every night
And the nights are six months long.

[*He finishes and exits with short, dignified and uncertain steps. They wave at him, laughing uproariously.* MR. DAVIDSON *rises and watches the proceeding with gloomy eyes. Suddenly* SADIE *notices his eyes the fixed on her. She straightens and a flicker of defiance crosses her face.* SADIE *and* DAVIDSON *look at one another for a full, tense moment.* SADIE'S *eyes are the first to drop. She turns and walks into her room, rattling the curtains as she goes, remarking in a loud voice*] "A guy out there gave me the dirtiest look!" [*After* SADIE *exits* MR. DAVIDSON *remains standing, looking at the door through which she has gone. His eyes are far away, a deep frown on his forehead. The* MACPHAILS *move restlessly*—MRS. DAVIDSON *watches her husband anxiously. The rain increases. On the verandah all the shutters are left*

down save one, which is still half-way up. Beyond this we see a gloomy vista of obscured landscape. There is a moment's silence broken only by the monotonous beat of the rain on the tin roof.]

DR. MACPHAIL

The rain is getting worse. [*Picking up book*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

Yes—much worse.

DAVIDSON

How long has this sort of thing been going on?

MRS. DAVIDSON

All morning

DAVIDSON

Where did those sailors come from?

MRS. DAVIDSON

They just appeared from nowhere—in her wake—if there is to be a fortnight of this, I don't know what we shall all feel like at the end of it.

[DAVIDSON *gives a sudden sharp cry and strikes the table in front of him with his fist*]

[*Going to him*] Alfred, what's the matter?

MR. DAVIDSON

[*In a dreadful voice*] Of course—it's just occurred to me—the woman's out of Iweili.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In the same voice*] Iweili—Iweili——

[*Turns to* MRS. MACPHAIL *almost triumphantly*] The thought came to me when I first saw her but I dared not speak of it.

MRS. MACPHAIL

What do you mean by Iweili?

MRS. DAVIDSON

The plague spot of Honolulu. The Red Light district.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Horrified*] Oh—oh——

MRS. DAVIDSON

It is obvious that she has come out here to carry on her trade.

DR. MACPHAIL

I think you're wrong. She had a position waiting for her in Apia.

MR. DAVIDSON

I am not wrong—I know the look of Iweili. One cannot mistake it—I went there once—the face of its women have haunted me ever since. She is as clearly out of Iweili as though the fact were written in scarlet letters on her brow.

DR. MACPHAIL

Still one has no right to assume a thing like that unless——

MR. DAVIDSON

[*Working himself into a state of strange and curious excitement; his lips moving, his fingers twitching.*]

I tell you that I went there—saw the place—carried away with me the awful memory. Shall I tell you of it? It lay on the edge of the city. To reach it you went down side streets, near the harbor, in the darkness, across rickety bridges, through deserted roads, then suddenly you came into the light of its shame.

[MRS. MACPHAIL *gives a frightened gasp and grasps her husband's arm*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Quietly*] We can easily imagine the sort of place it was, Davidson.

MR. DAVIDSON

A broad street divided the district into two parts—here the motors parked and the saloons thrived—and beyond this street lay other streets—and in those streets were rows of trim bungalows—little houses neatly painted, lining straight lanes, laid out like a garden city. Picture it. Spruce—systematized, orderly, arranged for sin.

DR. MACPHAIL

Thus can even the search for purchased love be systematized, regulated.

MR. DAVIDSON

Men wandered about looking at the women who sat in their lighted windows—men of all nations—American sailors, soldiers from the regiments quartered on the Island—white, black, and Japanese, Chinese and Hawaiian, all silent, oppressed.

DR. MACPHAIL

All desire is sad— ffl

[*During the conversation* MRS. DAVIDSON *watches her husband with a strange searching heavy look which never changes*]

MR. DAVIDSON

It was the crying scandal of the Pacific, yet it was

impossible to avail against it. You know the arguments of the police, that vice is inevitable, consequently the best thing to do is to localize it and control it. The truth is that they were paid—paid! They were paid by the saloonkeepers, the bullies, paid by the women themselves, but thank God, at last they were forced by public opinion to do something.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Impatiently*] Yes I read about it in the papers that came aboard at Honolulu. Politics, wasn't it?

MR. DAVIDSON

For once a new Mayor dared to live up to his election platform. Iweili with its sin and shame ceased to exist on the day that we arrived in Honolulu. The whole population was brought before the Justice and [*He points to* SADIE'S *door*] this is one who probably managed to escape.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*In a faint voice*] I remember seeing her come aboard just before we sailed. I thought at the time that she had just barely made it—her luggage was tied up in shawls and handkerchiefs.

[MR. DAVIDSON *starts towards* SADIE'S *door.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In a low voice*] Alfred, what are you going to do?

MR. DAVIDSON

What do you expect me to do? I'm not going to have this house turned into a brothel. I am going to stop her.

DR. MACPHAIL

She has a number of men in there—isn't it rather rash of you to go in now?

[DAVIDSON *gives* MACPHAIL *a contemptuous look, but makes no response. He is now at* SADIE'S *door*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

You know Mr. Davidson very little if you think that fear of physical danger will stop him in the performance of his duties.

[MR. DAVIDSON *opens the door of* SADIE'S *room and stalks in.* MRS. DAVIDSON *gives a little gasp, then clenches her hands tightly. The other people on the stage sit in tense silence waiting to see what will happen. The singing stops suddenly. There is a noise of something heavy falling. The music dies in a wheezy screech as the phonograph is hurled to the ground. We hear* MR DAVIDSON'S *voice. Then* SADIE'S—*loud, shrill. Then a confused clamor as several people about shout together at the top of their lungs.* DR. MACPHAIL *looks uncertainly from* MRS. DAVIDSON *to his wife. He half rises. There is now*

the tumult of a sharp scuffling. SADIE'S *door is flung open*—O'HARA *and* DAVIDSON *appear. They are struggling.* O'HARA *has* DAVIDSON *by the back of the collar, behind them appears* SADIE'S *angry face, her voice, lifted in shrill vituperation*]

SADIE

Say the next time you bust into a lady's room maybe you'll get someone to introduce you! My God! The nerve of him! Where does he think he is anyway!

O'HARA

There—if you know what's good for you, get out and stay out.

[MR. DAVIDSON *falls.* O'HARA *slams door. The persons on stage watch him get up. His eyes are terrible. Without a word he turns and starts to go upstairs very slowly*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Calling*] Alfred—Alfred——

[MR. DAVIDSON *makes no answer. He continues upstairs*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*In a scared whisper to* MRS. DAVIDSON] What will he do?

MRS. DAVIDSON

I don't know—all I know is that I would not be in

that girl's shoes for anything in the world.

[*There is a burst of laughter from* SADIE'S *room. We again hear voices. The phonograph recommences. We hear the clink of glasses. Someone begins to sing. The three people on the stage sit silent as the*

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II.

TIME—*Late afternoon—two days later.*
SCENE—*The same as the preceding act.*

It has stopped raining for the time being. On the verandah the rain curtains are drawn half way up, revealing an angry sullen sky, in which a streak of red zig-zags amongst ominous, piled-up clouds. The landscape is indistinct and misty. The gloom of late day is settling over the scene. As the curtain rises, we find HORN, *the trader, asleep in his inevitable cane chair, his face swathed in mosquito netting. From the distance comes the sound of the natives chanting as they drag the fisher nets out of the sea.* HORN'S *sleep is restless and uneasy. He squirms and slaps at the mosquitoes, which buzz about his head.*

HORN

[*Muttering*] Pestiferation! Seize these devils—ur—damnation! [HORN *strikes out, slaps his ankle, then curses softly and changes his position*]

[MACPHAIL *enters from verandah. He comes into the scene and stands looking at* HORN. *He is smoking his usual pipe.* HORN *opens his eyes and wakes slowly, yawning and stretching his arms*]

Beelzebub and his hosts!—Who—what—Oh, it's you, is it—Hello, Doc!

DR. MACPHAIL

Hello!

HORN

[*Sleepily*] Been out for a walk?

DR. MACPHAIL

Only two steps—got as far as the Governor's gate. Like walking through hot pea soup——

[*He wipes his moist face with his wide silk handkerchief*]

HORN

[*Yawning*] What time of day is it, anyway?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Looking at his watch*] Going on six—whole hour to put in before dinner——

HORN

Been to the hospital today?

DR. MACPHAIL

No—can't get at my instruments. Nothing left to do, but twiddle my thumbs.

HORN

Why twiddle?

DR. MACPHAIL

Enforced idleness makes 'em restive!

HORN

[*Nodding*] Back in Illinois where I was raised it was generally believed that a person who stayed away from business more than one working day in every ten years was a loose, dangerous, depraved character —I was brought up on that theory—it's taken me nearly twenty years to convince myself that it's alright to detest work—— [*He moves as though to look under chair on which he is reclining*] You don't see a bottle anywhere, do you?

DR. MACPHAIL

Yes—— [*He stoops and brings a bottle out from under* HORN'S *chair and hands it to him*] There you are.

HORN

[*Gratified that he has not had to make an effort*] Thanks! Want a drink?

DR. MACPHAIL

Not just now.

HORN

[*Quaffing and smacking his lips*] Native brew—satisfying—what was I saying?

DR. MACPHAIL

The subject, I believe, was the evil of too much work.

HORN

So it was. You see I know your breed. I come from the same stock of Connecticut pioneers! When they moved West they blazed a trail of righteousness as impregnable as the wooden nutmegs they brought along. Oh, they were terrors all right, those old Joshuas and Dorcases—hardest grandfathers and grandmothers in the world to get away from!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Amused*] I can't believe they ever bothered *you* very greatly——

HORN

Didn't they? Man, they used to rise out of their winding sheets every night to sit on my chest and tell me unless I up and did something, I'd be damned.

[*He sits up and speaks without the former banter in his tone*]

There's a lot too much misdirected energy in the world, Dr. MacPhail.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Amused*] Are you speaking biographically or autobiographically?

HORN

[*Accepting the doctor's joke*] No confidentially! [*He pauses and wags his finger*] You might as well make up your mind that none of you folks can get away from each other for two weeks—and most of that time it's going to rain like hell!—Don't be too energetic—it starts the throatcutting——

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Puzzled*] Throat cutting?

HORN

[*He drinks*] Just between ourselves, that was a mighty foolish thing the Reverend Davidson did! That girl Sadie Thompson wasn't doing any harm.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Nodding his head*] Um—I see what you're getting at.

HORN

[*Slowly*] He's been after me for letting her have a room.

DR. MACPHAIL

It's your own house—isn't it?

HORN

Yes. [*Doubtfully*] But the missionaries are all in with one another. I've never had any trouble with 'em myself, but I know traders that have. If they get down on a trader he may as well shut up shop and quit.

DR. MACPHAIL

How can that be?

HORN

Oh, they have ways——

DR. MACPHAIL

Surely, he isn't asking you to turn this girl out into the rain?

HORN

No—not exactly—he knows there'd be no place for her to go except a native hut—not but what I think

she'd do better to go into one than stay here—now that he is on to her.

DR. MACPHAIL

Just what *does* he want you to do?

HORN

He said he wanted to be fair to her and to me, but he wouldn't stand for any "doings."

DR. MACPHAIL

Er-what do you think, Horn—is she—er—out of Iweili—that Honolulu red light district?

HORN

[*Complacently*] I don't know. And I don't care. [*Looks up at* MACPHAIL] What if she is? We've all crossed thresholds we don't brag about. [MACPHAIL *gives a slight cough as the truth of the statement reaches him and somewhat embarrasses him. He starts to cross back to his seat by the table, then pauses in his walk and listens intently as* HORN *continues.*] Just because she has a few gaudy rags and a bum phonograph—what right has he to conclude that she's out of Iweili? You know, Dr MacPhail, the whole trick in thinking is, what vision have you. [*Pauses.*] If you have a low horizon, God pity you! Davidson has that! [*He waves his hand in a deprecatory manner*] This girl hasn't any—That's why I like her. Poor thing! Davidson's sort of got her wondering.

DR. MACPHAIL

How so?

HORN

She's wondering what he's up to! You noticed when the boys came around last night to see her, she got them out on the porch pretty quick and talked to them there?

DR. MACPHAI

[*Dryly*] Yes—I noticed!—It wasn't the most cheerful of evening either! What with the rain and everything—We'd all been happier, I think, if Miss Thompson had been in her room with her friends.

HORN

She felt it too, I guess. I hear she went to a half-caste family this morning and tried to get 'em to take her in, but they wouldn't.

DR. MACPHAIL

Why not?

HORN

[*Succinctly*] Afraid to!—must have heard somewhere that the missionaries had got their knives in her. [*He pauses; then continues in confidence*] Maybe you don't know—but he's been at the Governor to have her sent back to the States.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Removing his pipe*] I thought he was up to something like that.

HORN

Ye-ah, he's got his mind made up to get her out of these islands, no matter what! And she's got wind of it somehow, too!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Slowly*] You know I felt rather sorry for her last night. After her sailor friends left she went into her room without looking at any of us. Just as we were ready for bed she put on her phonograph. Somehow it sounded dismal—like a cry for help.

[*At this moment from* MISS THOMPSON'S *room comes the sound of the phonograph—shrill, discordant, as though put on as a final resort*—HORN *and* MACPHAIL *listen*—HORN *points to* MISS THOMPSON'S *room, puts his finger to his lips and shrugs his shoulders.* MACPHAIL *changes his position. They both listen. There is a moment's silence. Suddenly the record is snatched off and another is substituted*]

HORN

There it goes again!

DR. MACPHAIL

Hard business, trying to cheat one's loneliness.

HORN

Take it frome me—She's scared as well as lonely! Not that she'd show it—she's got nerve! But she don't know what Davidson's doing and it makes her anxious—where is he now, anyway?

DR. MACPHAIL

He's been coming and going from the Governor's all afternoon—whatever that may mean.

[*He knocks the ashes from his pipe suddenly as the rain begins to patter lightly on the iron roof*]

HORN

You're jumpy——

DR. MACPHAIL

Maybe—this rain—it's starting up again.

HORN

Yes, it goes on pretty steady in the rainy season. We have three hundred inches in the year—it's the shape of the bay.

DR. MACPHAIL

Damn the shape of the bay!

[*He rises and stalks to verandah and back—then back to verandah again*]

HORN

[*Regarding him in amusement*] It's getting you!—all this lush, dripping world—outside, everything growing with a sort of savage violence! Tomorrow you will see strange flowers where yesterday there were only roots,—for myself I like it—this rain you hate—it wipes out, it kills—and it begins——

[*During the above speech the phonograph stops. The bead curtains outside* MISS THOMPSON'S *room part and* MISS THOMPSON *enters in a sudden nervous way. She wears a not very new dress of limp red gingham. There is considerable cotton lace about the dress—which is the sort of garment one might see in a third rate department store window, devoted to summer styles. Around her neck she wears a string of cheap beads. She affects a brave assumption of cheer and good fellowship*]

SADIE

Evening, everybody! My, the merry water sprites sure do carry on, don't they?

[MACPHAIL *nods a little embarrassedly.* HORN *salutes with gallantry.* SADIE *smiles at both in a friendly manner. She comes forward fanning herself*]

Don't let's mention the heat. Let's talk of Greenland's icy mountains!

[*Neither* MACPHAIL *nor* HORN *speaks and* SADIE *continues trying hard to keep up her good cheer*]

Just got round to get myself dressed, now it's most time to go to bed. Anybody in the store, Mr. Horn?

HORN

The wife's in there, I guess.

SADIE

[*Taking some coins out of her pocketbook*] Been playing solitaire all afternoon trying to decide what I'd have for supper—Tunny-fish or beans—and beans won! Then I played beans against tomales, just for something to do, and tomales got the say—Got any canned tomales, Mr. Horn?

HORN

I guess so—if my wife isn't there, poke around until you find 'em.

SADIE

[*Coming toward them*] I'm in no great hurry.

[*Yawns*] There's lots of time!—God! There's so much time lying loose around this island, someone ought to bottle it up and send it where they need some!

[*She seats herself*] You don't mind, do you, seeing we're here by ourselves, if I sit down with you boys and have a skag?

[*She takes out cigarette and lights it*]

HORN

Sure—sit down—light up.

SADIE

[*Seating herself in chair near* HORN] You haven't seen that Marine Sergeant I call Handsome, 'round anywhere, today, have you.

HORN

No—he hasn't been around today—

SADIE

It don't matter. I just wanted to ask him something. If you do see him, tell him to drop around this evening.

HORN

I—er—er—you know what I said to you last night— [SADIE *nods*] As friend to friend, get me? I'd go slow on company for a day or two.

SADIE

I see—until Reverend Davidson gets over his terrible experience, eh? [*She gives a short laugh*] You'd think I'd been to blame for what happened——

HORN

I'm not blaming anyone——

SADIE

What else could he expect, that Reverend Davidson,

pushing himself in on us in that way? It's a wonder one of those boys didn't show him what a real crack is! As it was they only handed him a love tap and hustled him out—he's a great missionary, I'll announce, if he's trying to take it out on us just because he got what was coming to him— [*She continues working herself up to a sense of lively indignation.*] What harm were we doing? Just talking and singing—everything happy and pleasant—not a word or a thought out of the way—maybe old Bates did hit the bottle a couple of times—he was the only one!—then bang went the door and in came Reverend Davidson. "I beg your pardon," I said, "what's the idea?" Before I knew what he was doing he grabbed the record off the phonograph and threw it on the floor. "Hey, what's going on here," says I. —Then he shouted at me something about scarlet women. "Where do you think you are—in your own home," says I? With that he knocks the phonograph right over. "Here," I said, "quit that!" Then he began to bawl us all out. The boys thought he'd just naturally gone crazy, so they put the skids under him.

HORN

[*Soothingly*] I know——

SADIE

The phonograph hasn't worked right since. I guess

something's broken inside of it. I'm mighty fond of that phonograph. It's been with me for years!

HORN

Anyway, I wouldn't attract his attention any more than I had to, just now.

SADIE

[*Indignantly*] Attract his attention! Well, if it comes to that, he'd better not attract mine! I've never known anyone like him and I don't want to!

[*She pauses—then asks confidentially*] Say, what kind of an egg is the Governor of this place?

HORN

The Governor?—Let's see—Pretty good sort, I'd say. Why?

SADIE

I just wanted to know, that's all—the nerve of that Reverend Davidson going to see him about me! Did you ever hear the like of it?

HORN

How do you know Davidson went to see the Governor about you?

SADIE

O'Hara told me. He's reported O'Hara to his officer for drinking. I don't want that boy to get into trouble through me——

HORN

Oh, I guess O'Hara can take care of himself——

SADIE

Well, so can I—if it comes to that!

[*She rises*]

[*Angrily*] If that Davidson gets gay with me again, I'll tell him who his mother was. Possibly he don't know!

[*She gives him a loud, derisive laugh*]

HORN

Miss Thompson—I'd be careful——

SADIE

Of what?

HORN

I'd be careful for my own good—one can't tell what——

SADIE

[*Impatiently*] God give me strength! How many

times have I got to tell you that old sin buster doesn't mean a thing to me. If he minds his own business, I'll mind mine, and if he's looking for trouble, I'll see he gets it! That's all!

[*She stops suddenly and cups her hand over her ear*] Methinks I hear the winds of religion whistling down the chimney!

[*Voices are heard off stage;* SADIE *rises with mock trepidation*] Whereat the low hussy frolics off to buy her dinner!

[*To* HORN] Where do you keep your tomales, old partner?

HORN

If there's any left, they're on the shelf by the door.

[SADIE *crosses to door, with an attempt at rakishness—then pauses and looks back at* HORN *and* MACPHAIL *a little doubtfully*]

SADIE

Anyway, there's no ill feeling between any of us, is there?

[*To* MACPHAIL] The doctor hasn't been saying much.

[*She shrugs her shoulders, then laughs nervously*] Life just teems with quiet fun, don't it?

[*She exits into store.*]

HORN

[*To* MACPHAIL] There—what did I tell you—she's frightened.

[MacPhail *sighs and does not respond*]

[*There is an increased patter of rain on the roof, and the scene darkens. Two natives appear on the verandah and begin to draw the shutters. There is a moment's silence during which we hear only the rain and the slip-slop of native feet and the low murmur of their voices*—Horn *exits. Then* Mrs. Davidson *enters from outside, followed by* Mrs. MacPhail]

Mrs. Davidson

[*To* Horn] Has Mr. Davidson returned yet?

Horn

No, ma'am.

MacPhail

How far did you ladies go?

Dr. MacPhail

Only as far as the wharf. We watched the clouds pile up. Such curious black shapes as they were taking—I got a little afraid. So Mrs. Davidson thought we'd better get back.

Dr. MacPhail

[*To* Mrs. Davidson] How's the headache? Any better?

MRS. DAVIDSON

Very little—Mr. Davidson has had no sleep for two nights. When he doesn't sleep, I cannot sleep. At four this morning he got up and got dressed and went out. He came back wet through, but he wouldn't change. [*She sighs*] It's that thing that happened the other day! It's preying on his mind.

DR. MACPHAIL

She—that girl—Miss Thompson was in here just before you came. I think—I have an idea she is sorry for what happened.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In a hard and bitter voice*] If she knew what she had really done, she'd be sorrier still. In fact, I can almost find it in myself to be *sorry* for *her*— [*A somber fire glows in* MRS. DAVIDSON'S *eyes as she says this.*] Yes—she will bitterly rue the day she flouted Mr. Davidson. Mr. Davidson has a wonderful heart and no one in trouble has ever gone to him without being comforted—but he has no mercy for sin, and when his righteous wrath is excited, he is terrible. [*During this scene* MRS. MACPHAIL *sighs and stitches at her comforter*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Mrs. Davidson, I am sure this girl could be easily persuaded to apologize.

MRS. DAVIDSON

There is no question of apology. A glass of liquor was thrown over Mr. Davidson. His clothes were stained and stinking. He was thrown backwards out of the room and fell upon the floor. They laughed at him as he lay there. But insults to himself are as nothing to Mr. Davidson. When he finds sin, he destroys it or drives it out. The more sin opposes him, the less chance it has against him. I do not know what will happen. I know only this. He will conquer this girl, perhaps quickly, perhaps slowly—but in the end completely. [SADIE *enters from the trader's store talking to* HORN, *who enters with her. She is carrying a can of tomales and a pitcher.* HORN *follows her.* MRS. DAVIDSON *gives* SADIE *a swift look, then turns to* MRS. MACPHAIL] Do not look around! Here she comes now!

SADIE

[*Flushing with anger*] Yes, here I come now! Why shouldn't I come now? See here, let's settle this. I'm paying for my own room with the privilege of getting my own meals. Is that so, Mr. Horn?

HORN

[*At the door anxious to escape the scene*] That's so, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

Then will you kindly tell these ladies I have as good

a right here as they have?

HORN

Now Miss Thompson—there isn't anyone saying—you haven't——

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*To* MRS. MACPHAIL] Don't look at her—don't speak to her.

SADIE

No—I wouldn't if I were you—but seeing you started the conversation by talking at me, I may as well be polite. How's your husband today? If I may say so, he wasn't looking any too well when I saw him gumshoeing down the road this morning.

MACPHAIL

[*Rising*] Miss Thompson, please——

SADIE

[*Viciously*] What your husband needs, I think, is a good dose of salts! [*She crosses stage to her door*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In a voice choking with fury*] Don't you dare speak to us again, you dreadful woman! If you insult me I shall have you turned out of here——

SADIE

Say! Did I ask Mr. Davidson to make my acquaintance in the first place? Did I?

MRS. MACPHAIL

Don't answer her!

SADIE

I assure you the overtures to know *me* have been entirely on your side of the fence! [*She exits closing her door with a bang.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

She's brazen—outrageous! [*She puts her hands to her head as though about to choke*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Going to her*] Don't—you'll only harm yourself—and all for that creature. Robert——

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Feebly*] It's foolish, I know, but this is the first time I have ever had words with a woman of that sort. Well, there's one comfort, we shan't have to suffer this sort of thing much longer! [*She smiles in rather a grim and terrible manner.*] No! Mr. Davidson is attending to that!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Curiously*] What do you suppose he is doing?

MRS. DAVIDSON

When Mr. Davidson is on the Lord's work, I do not question him. [MRS. DAVIDSON *clenches and unclenches her hands.* MRS. HORN *opens the door and enters from the store with a lamp which she begins to trim back-stage.*]

MRS. HORN

Dinner soon now—mebbe one hour—one hour half——

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Sighing*] I only hope I can persuade Mr. Davidson to eat something tonight.

MRS. MACPHAIL

He doesn't think of himself at all, does he?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Slowly—tensely*] Never! He is so without thought or fear for himself that often he is like a man possessed. I have seen him start out in a canoe, in the face of a typhoon, Mrs. MacPhail, to reach a death bed in time! A dozen times at least he has spent the night bailing for his life. "How can I ask

the natives to put their trust in the Lord, if I'm afraid to do so myself?" he argues. They all know he will come to them when they need him if it is humanly possible. [*She stops, getting greater control of herself.*] Sometimes when I beg him not to go, he takes my hands in his and smiles at me. "I am going on the business of the Lord"—he tells me. "Have no fear! Do not the winds blow at His bidding—do not the waves toss and rage at His word!" [*During above speech* MRS. HORN *exits.*] [MACPHAIL *has been sitting quietly during the above conversation—a somewhat quizzical expression on his face. Now he jerks himself forward in his chair suddenly and strikes at his ankle.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Damn those mosquitoes!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Reprovingly*] Robert!

DR. MACPHAIL

Sorry! I've always been touchy about the ankles! They seem to know it!

MRS. DAVIDSON

This is the season for mosquitoes. When you're asked to dinner at Government houses, you'll notice the ladies are given pillow slips to put their lower extremities in—

DR. MACPHAIL

I'd say they needed something longer than pillow slips. [*Neither* MRS. DAVIDSON *nor* MRS. MACPHAIL *smile at this*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Robert is only trying to be funny—and not succeeding—

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Knocking the ashes from his pipe*] I'm corrected! [*He looks off and sees* DAVIDSON *approaching*] Hello, Davidson. [DAVIDSON *enters, coming into the room from the porch. He shakes the rain from his hat and removes an oilskin cape*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Rising*] Alfred, please change your wet clothes!

DAVIDSON

No—I shall be going out again probably.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Again! Oh you must try to get a little rest—Alfred—you must!

DAVIDSON

[*Almost tenderly*] My wife, like Martha "thou

hast troubled thyself about many things"—and mostly about me! [*He smiles but his eyes are far away; then he turns, speaking to* MACPHAIL] I do not know what I could ever have done without my dear wife. In the early days of our island ministry when my heart sank and I was near despair it was she who gave me strength and courage to go on. Work as we might, day and night, we seemed to make no progress. We had no one to help us. We were so alone—thousands of miles from our own people—surrounded by blackness. [*He takes* MRS. DAVIDSON'S *hands in his; looks down at her fondly.* MRS. DAVIDSON *looks down at her lap, her lip quivering.* DAVIDSON'S *voice is shaken with emotion. He pauses, then continues*] When I was broken and weary, it was she who put her work aside and read to me from the Bible until peace came and settled upon me like sleep upon the eyelids of a child—and when at last she closed the book she would say "we will save them in spite of themselves!" then I would feel strong again and answer, "Yes, with God's help I will save them—I must save them!" [*During the above* MRS. DAVIDSON *is deeply affected too. She takes off her glasses and wipes them, she holds back her tears with a great effort*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Dryly*] Save who?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Quickly*] The islanders, Robert!

DAVIDSON

You see, they were so naturally depraved, they couldn't be brought to see their own wickedness. In fact, we had to teach them what sin was. We had to make sins out of what they thought were only natural actions.

DR. MACPHAIL

Make sins?

DAVIDSON

We had to make it a sin, not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve—but to expose their bodies and to dance and not come to church. I made it a sin for a girl to show her bosom and for a man not to wear trousers.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Very dryly*] How did you manage to standardize these sins?

DAVIDSON

Obviously the only way to make people realize that an action is sinful is to punish them if they commit it.

DR. MACPHAIL

Ah! I see!

MRS. DAVIDSON

Mr. Davidson instituted fines——

DR. MACPHAIL

Oh—you fined them?

DAVIDSON

I fined them if they didn't come to church and I fined them if they danced. I fined them if they were improperly dressed. I had a tariff and every sin had to be paid either in money or work. And at last I made them understand.

DR. MACPHAIL

Didn't they ever refuse to pay?

DAVIDSON

[*Astonished*] How could they?

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Tightening her lips*] It would be a brave man who tried to stand up against Mr. Davidson.

DAVIDSON

You must remember that in the last resort, I could expel them from church membership.

DR. MACPHAIL

Did they mind that so much?

DAVIDSON

[*Grimly*] Yes—they minded quite a lot. They couldn't sell their copra. When the men fished they got no share of the catch. It meant something very like starvation. Yes—I may say they minded quite a lot.

MRS. DAVIDSON

There was a white trader who tried to resist Mr. Davidson once. [*She turns to her husband*] Alfred, tell them about Fred Olsen! [DAVIDSON *fixes his fiery eyes on* MACPHAIL *and clears his throat*]

DAVIDSON

Fred Olsen was a Danish trader who had been in these islands a good many years. He was a pretty rich man as traders go and he wasn't very pleased when we came. You see, he had had things very much his own way. He paid the natives what he liked for their copra, and he paid in goods and whiskey. He had a native wife but he was unfaithful to her. He was a drunkard, too. I gave him every chance to mend his ways, but he wouldn't take it—he laughed at me. [DAVIDSON *pauses. There is a moment's sillence, heavy with menace*] In two years

he was a ruined man. He'd lost everything he had saved in a quarter century—I broke him! At last he was forced to come to me like a beggar and beseech me to give him a passage back to Sydney.

MRS. DAVIDSON

I wish you could have seen him when he came to see Mr. Davidson! He had been a fine, powerful man, with a lot of fat on him—but now he was half the size and shaking all over. He'd suddenly become old! [*From* SADIE THOMPSON'S *room comes the sound of the phonograph—harsh—wheezy.* DAVIDSON *pauses in his story.* MRS. MACPHAIL *looks nervous.* MRS. DAVIDSON *bites her lips.* DR. MACPHAIL *puffs his pipe. To* DAVIDSON] Alfred, just before you got back that girl was in here; she jeered and screamed at us. What are you going to do about her?

DAVIDSON

[*Putting his hand to his temple*] I must give her every chance first—every chance—before I act. [MRS. HORN *enters with a tray of dinner dishes, which she places on the table—after first laying down the slovenly cloth*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Hamburg steak tonight again, Mrs. Horn?

MRS. HORN

[*Clattering the dishes*] Hamburg steak, I give you —bananas fried—mebbe.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Gloomily*] Strange how one's thoughts run to food when there is nothing else to think of.

DAVIDSON

As it happens, there is a great deal to think of. [*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] You say this Thompson woman spoke to you?

MRS. DAVIDSON

She thrust herself in upon us with low insults.

DAVIDSON

H'm! The Governor tells me the affair is no concern of his, but if I find her incorrigible I shall see to it he *acts*. I am afraid he has no backbone.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Attempting facetiousness*] I suppose that means he won't do exactly as you want—whatever it is you want him to do?

DAVIDSON

I only want him to do what is right!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Laconically*] There may be differences of opinion about what is right.

DAVIDSON

If a man had a gangrenous foot, would you have patience with anyone who hesitated to cut it off?

DR. MACPHAIL

But gangrene is a matter of fact——

DAVIDSON

And is not evil?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Quietly*] To me it has always seemed a matter of opinion. Anyway the poor thing will only be here until the boat for Apia goes.

DAVIDSON

And after she gets to Apia?

DR. MACPHAIL

I can't see how that concerns us.

DAVIDSON

That's where you and I differ. [*He stops, looks*

hard at MACPHAIL *and continues*] You don't mind my turning you out of here for a little while, do you? I want to speak to this woman alone—[*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] I think it would be best if you went too—[MACPHAIL *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *rise silently and start toward the verandah.* MRS. DAVIDSON *comes toward* DAVIDSON, *puts her hand on his arm*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Alfred, why do you see her?

DAVIDSON

I cannot act until I've given her every chance.

MRS. DAVIDSON

She'll insult you.

DAVIDSON

Let her insult me. Let her spit on me. She has an immortal soul and I must do all that is in my power to save it. [*During the above scene* MRS. HORN *has been busy at the table.* DAVIDSON *now turns to her and speaks*] Ask Miss Thompson if she will step out of her room for a moment.

MRS. HORN

[*Coming forward*] You want spik with Miss Thompson? [*She points to* SADIE'S *room*]

DAVIDSON

Yes—ask her to kindly come out for a minute.

MRS. DAVIDSON

I tell you, Alfred, she has gone too far.

DAVIDSON

Too far for the mercy of the Lord? [*His eyes light up and his voice grows mellow and soft*] Never; the sinner may be deeper in sin than the depth of hell itself, but the love of the Lord Jesus can reach him still. [MRS. DAVIDSON *exits, followed by* MACPHAIL. MRS. HORN *knocks on* SADIE'S *door. We hear* SADIE *answer "Come"*] [*The phonograph is turned off and* SADIE'S *door opens*]

SADIE

[*Entering, munching a banana*] What is it? [*She looks enquiringly at* MRS. HORN *who points with her thumb to where* DAVIDSON *stands*]

MRS. HORN

He wan make talk wit you. [MRS. HORN *exits*] [*On seeing* DAVIDSON, SADIE *half hesitates then squares her shoulders and stands against doorway, her eyes fixed on* DAVIDSON]

SADIE

[*To* DAVIDSON] You want to see me?

DAVIDSON

Yes, I want to talk to you, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

I'm eating my supper— [*Her mouth is full of banana*]

DAVIDSON

I'll wait until you're through.

SADIE

Oh, the supper can stand by if it's important.

DAVIDSON

It is important—very important— [SADIE *comes forward, her eyes on* DAVIDSON. *He motions her to a seat. She sits nervously. He stands looking at her strangely*] Sadie Thompson, I have brought you out here to make you a gift—the most precious gift life can offer you.

SADIE

[*Uncertainly*] You want to give me something?

DAVIDSON

[*Gently*] Yes—I want to give you something.

SADIE

I guess I'm not following you— [*She throws banana away*]

DAVIDSON

The gift I offer is free.

SADIE

[*With nervous titter*] I'm glad of that—I'm pretty short on cash.

DAVIDSON

The gift I'm offering you is the infinite mercy of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

SADIE

[*Suspiciously*] Just what is the idea, Reverend Davidson—making me these presents.

DAVIDSON

Your problem can be solved in only one way and that way is going to effect the whole future course of your life very seriously——

SADIE

I don't know as I've got any problem—but it's good of you to want to help me, all the same. How am I going to be affected?

DAVIDSON

The time has come, Sadie Thompson, for you to make your choice. The broad bosom of our Lord—His tender arms—His all consoling whisper in your ear—His healing fingers on your weary eyes—all these are yours for the asking.

SADIE

[*With dignity*] I don't know why I get all this attention from you, Reverend Davidson. I guess you mean well, but I think I can worry along just as I've been worrying along these several years without your help. I go my own way and don't ask any favors.

DAVIDSON

[*Pleasantly*] Those who have the key of salvation offered them, and fail to open that door, must be destroyed.

SADIE

[*Cheerfully*] I see what you mean! But I won't get destroyed. I always make out one way or another! [*She rises*] If that's all, Reverend Davidson, I guess I'll go back and eat—I'm hungry.

DAVIDSON

You are hungry for the bread of the Spirit. You are thirsty for the waters of eternal life.

SADIE

You mean right by me, Reverend Davidson—and I sure am grateful, especially after what happened the other day. [*She comes toward him in a half shy, half confidential manner*] You know, just between ourselves, I had sort of a feeling you were laying to get me for that little trouble we had—you know! When you busted the phonograph and the boys bawled you out. I felt awful bad about it—I've been wanting to apologize.

DAVIDSON

[*Patiently*] You are mistaking me—but I do not think wilfully.

SADIE

They all told me you were sore, but I just couldn't think a man as big as you would hold a grudge over a little misunderstanding.

DAVIDSON

All this is beside the point, Miss Thompson. The only thing that concerns me now is that you must be given your chance before I act.

SADIE

My chance for what?

DAVIDSON

Your chance to be saved.

SADIE

[*Carelessly*] Oh, I'm all right—don't you bother about me a bit! You see— [*She smiles in a frank, friendly manner*] I'm a happy-go-lucky kind of a fellow! It's true I'm broke just now, but Lord, that don't trouble me. I'll be all right as soon as I get to Apia. I've got friends there.

DAVIDSON

[*Slowly*] You have friends in Apia? What sort of friends?

SADIE

Oh, just friends! A girl I used to work with is there—and some Americans boys she knows have opened a sugar plant—Gowdown they call it. She wrote me I could have a job as cashier. I'm pretty quick at figures.

DAVIDSON

For some time past you have lived in Honolulu, haven't you? What did you do there?

SADIE

I had a job.

DAVIDSON

What kind of a job, may I ask?

SADIE

[*Evasively*] Well, part of the time I had sort of a singing job—[*Smiles*] My voice isn't so awful if you don't listen too hard.

DAVIDSON

Before you went to Honolulu, where were you?

SADIE

Where do I come from, do you mean? [*Their eyes meet. He regards her gloomily. She forces herself to return his stare. Her nervousness reveals itself in the tensity of her fingers as they twist the dress she wears*]

DAVIDSON

Yes—where do you come from?

SADIE

I was born in Keneshaw, Kansas—if that means anything—but pa and ma got the California fever, so they sold the farm and bought a little ranch outside Los Angeles. I was about 15 then I guess. Then ma died and pa and I didn't get along so well, so I

went up to San Francisco. I was working there up to the time I went to Honolulu——

DAVIDSON

What made you go away to Honolulu?

SADIE

[*Nervously*] I—I don't know. I wanted a change I suppose——

DAVIDSON

Ah! You wanted a change. Well, Sadie Thompson— [*There is a long pause in which* DAVIDSON'S *gloomy eyes seem to chisel into* SADIE'S *soul*] This gift I offer you—what are you going to do about it?

SADIE

Do about it? I don't know. I don't know what you're talking about! I told you I wasn't asking anything from anybody. I can take care of myself. Up or down—in jack or broke! What's the odds? Wherever night overtakes me, that's my resting place —that's my way— [*She rises as though to go*] Thank you for your interest, though— it's kind of you after what happened—I'm mighty glad you aren't sore at me—I like to keep friends with everybody.

DAVIDSON

[*Firmly*] Sit down, Miss Thompson, I see I must

be very patient. I see I must make you understand. My poor lost child, what happened the other day is of no importance. Do you imagine what you or those sailors said to me made any difference?

SADIE

[*Greatly relieved*] You certainly are all to the good, Mr. Davidson, and I want to say this. Don't be afraid but that I'll keep to myself. I know oil and water don't mix. The ladies in your party won't even know I'm under the same roof with them. I'll be as quiet as a mouse! [*She rises, anxiously, to go*]

DAVIDSON

[*Firmly*] Don't go, Miss Thompson—you must listen to me.

SADIE

[*Beginning to act troubled*] The ladies may be coming back—I don't want to get any more black looks from them.

DAVIDSON

You will get no more black looks from them, my poor child—they are only waiting the moment to be your friends—to help you with your burden.

SADIE

[*Giving short laugh*] No! You don't know the

ladies like I know 'em, Reverend Davidson. One doesn't need a spyglass to see that those ladies and me will never be shipmates.

DAVIDSON

This is your chance, Sadie Thompson, if you will take me into your heart and soul joyfully; if you will accept your atonement without resentment or grief, the way will be found for you.

SADIE

I'll admit you've got me stalled. What are you driving at Reverend Davidson—what have I to atone for?

DAVIDSON

Your life.

SADIE

What's the matter with my life?

DAVIDSON

Everything—but when you come to know our Lord's great mercy, it will all be forgiven—washed in the blood of the Lamb, you will stand white before your Maker. Come, Sadie Thompson, the gift is here —your chance has come—take it.

SADIE

[*Wearily*] Reverend Davidson—*why* do you worry about me.

DAVIDSON

You've had your own soul in trust and you failed —it is now my business to show you the way to redeem it.

SADIE

And haven't I anything to say about myself then?

DAVIDSON

Yes—you can choose one of two paths.

SADIE

[*With a flash of "pep"*] What's second choice?

DAVIDSON

[*In a final voice*] Destruction!

SADIE

And who's going to destruct me?

DAVIDSON

The forces which find no place for evil.

SADIE

[*In a half whisper*] And you—what are you going to do?

DAVIDSON

Only my duty.

SADIE

What might that be?

DAVIDSON

Infectious diseases must be quarantined. Sin must be segregated until it can be stamped out—— [*A long look passes between them—an expression of terror comes into* SADIE'S *eyes. She backs against the table like an animal at bay*]

SADIE

[*Shrilly*] I know; you went to see the Governor about me, didn't you? Oh, don't say you didn't. I got it straight. Some of the boys told me. They didn't know what you said, but they told me to look out for you! Now I understand what they meant.

DAVIDSON

You are right—I have been to the Governor.

SADIE

So all you said just now—about letting bygones be bygones—calling quits—on that bust up we had—was just a bluff. You're gunning for me—and aiming to kill! [DAVIDSON'S *face darkens. All the gentleness of the previous scene vanishes. His eyes flash.*]

DAVIDSON

Be silent. Are you ready to offer yourself humble and suppliant to our Lord Jesus—to put away your sins—to live a righteous, decent life—to pray for forgiveness? If you are not, be it on your own head!

SADIE

Hey! Hey!

DAVIDSON

[*Rushing along*] I shall not let you go to Apia, Sadie Thompson. You are an evil woman, you have lived an evil life. You have come here only to carry your infamy to other places—you are a harlot out of Iweili!

SADIE

You're a liar!

DAVIDSON

Look at me.

SADIE

Who in Christ's name do you think you are—standing there—calling names!

DAVIDSON

Look at me, do you deny that you escaped from Iweili?

SADIE

[*Hysterically*] I've listened all I'm going to listen to you. Now you listen to me. You just told me to be careful. Be careful yourself! Lay off me or I'll show you what it means when I start to get mad. It'll be the worse for you, if you don't.

DAVIDSON

The devil in you is strong, poor Sadie Thompson. Evil has claimed you as its own.

SADIE

You take care of your own evil, and I'll take care of mine. [*With a horrid laugh*] I know what you want! You want another scalp to hand to the Lord. Well, you don't get mine, old tit-bit!

DAVIDSON

[*Passionately breaking in*] Lord!—Hear Thou my prayer for this lost sister—close Thy ears to her wild and heedless words— [*He puts his hand on her arm. She draws it away*]

SADIE

You Bible backs don't fool me. I've met you before! Make me over your way, would you? Just try it! [DAVIDSON *grasps her arm and tries to force her to kneel*]

DAVIDSON

Kneel, Sadie Thompson, God is waiting. He is waiting.

SADIE

[*Pulling away*] You let go of me!

DAVIDSON

[*Reaching for her*] This is your last chance, Sadie Thompson. Kneel with me and pray— [*He grabs her wrist. She allows him to hold it for a second. She looks right into his eyes. Then she gives a peal of sudden laughter and tosses his hold away from her wrist*]

SADIE

Oh-h!—you make me laugh!

DAVIDSON

[*In an awful voice*] Sadie Thompson, you're doomed! [*For a moment they face each other. Again Sadie laughs, then suddenly as she turns to go she spits full in* DAVIDSON'S *face, then rushes into her room and slams the door, leaving* DAVIDSON *alone.* DAVIDSON'S *eyes are dark and fearful and his hands work convulsively. He breathes heavily.* MRS. DAVIDSON *comes hastily into the scene from the verandah.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Alfred! What happened? [DAVIDSON *slowly turns toward his wife*]

DAVIDSON

[*In an awesome voice*] I have given her every chance. I have exhorted her to repent. Now, I shall take the whips with which the Lord Jesus drove the usurers and the money changers out of the temple of the Most High. [*He paces up and down in wild exaltation. His wife watches him in fear.*] Even if she fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, I should pursue her! [*He picks up his hat.*] [*As he exits the phonograph in* SADIE'S *room breaks into the "Dance of the Marionettes."*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Taking a step after him*] Alfred! [DAVIDSON *does not heed her. He stalks out. She makes a futile gesture, then ignored and hurt she stands irresolute*] Alfred! [*As she says this, she sinks into a chair, her hands clasped uselessly in her lap.* O'HARA *enters through the verandah. Having just collided with the unseeing* DAVIDSON, *he rubs his shoulder and smiles*]

O'HARA

There was *some* big breeze! [*On seeing* MRS. DAVIDSON, *he stops*] [*Mumbling*] Evening. [MRS. DAVIDSON *turns on hearing* O'HARA *She rises and faces him. Once more she is the missionary. This is her chance to do something. She is alert and brisk*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Young man, I should not come here if I were you.

O'HARA

Why?

MRS. DAVIDSON

You are likely to get into more trouble than you're in already!

O'HARA

This isn't my first year away from home ma'am—and I haven't got run over yet!

MRS. DAVIDSON

Do you know what kind of a girl this Sadie Thompson is?

O'HARA

I don't ask anything of anybody except to be square —[SADIE'S *door opens and* SADIE *comes out. She stops, standing in her doorway*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

My advice to you is, keep away from bad company!

SADIE

[*Breaking in on* MRS. DAVIDSON] Bad company! [*She salutes and clicks her heels*]. Present! [MRS. DAVIDSON *gives* SADIE *a look of withering disgust. Then she turns and without a word marches upstairs.* SADIE *and* O'HARA *watch her until she is out of sight. Then* SADIE *turns to* O'HARA *and snaps her fingers with a weary gesture*] Such is joy! [*Her expression changes as she sinks into a chair with a bitter sigh*]

O'HARA

[*To* SADIE] What's the matter, you look low!

SADIE

Low? Maybe. It's this rain, I guess. Makes me jumpy. Makes me want to yell; want to knock my head on the wall—and it's worse when it don't rain. When the sun comes out for a minute, you think you're in a steam room.

O'HARA

You ought to try getting out for a walk.

SADIE

I was out this morning. I went to that half caste family you told me about last night. I asked them if they wouldn't take me in to board. They closed the door in my face so fast you'd have thought I had smallpox. All the way down the beach I could feel their eyes peeping at me through the bamboo screen. Being an orphan's a wonderful thing!

O'HARA

Don't you care. You're better off here.

SADIE

[*Dryly*] I'm not so sure!

[*A moment's silence, save for the rain*] Listen to it. Don't it make you want to scream? And when you do scream, what good does it do you? You haven't got any strength left—you're hopeless—you're miserable!

O'HARA

That's no way to talk, Miss Sadie. Don't sound like you.

SADIE

Forget it—I've got the fantods—I'll get over 'em—you see.

[*She hesitates—walks a little distance nervously—returns to* O'HARA] I—I—I've just had a run in with that Davidson.

O'HARA

Ye-ah! What about?

SADIE

He's not going to let me go to Apia, so he says—[*She pauses*] and anybody can see with two glass eyes, that this side of the Equator, the reverend's in right and I'm in wrong. What I'm trying to figure out is, what devil's trick he'll use to stop me.

O'HARA

I don't see what he can do.

SADIE

Neither do I—but we don't say it with bells—either of us!

[*Pauses*] There's something about that crow that

isn't human—he's deep—he's creepy—I guess it's his eyes—they look right into you—seem to know what you're thinking—something tells me I'm going to need friends soon, Handsome. I'm far from home!

O'HARA

You just keep your chin up—it'll all be O. K.

SADIE

It's not knowing what's going on—and being here alone—and this damn rain—God, I feel about so big— [*She lifts her finger and thumb an inch apart*] Like a kid feels in a bad dream. Things coming at you—you yelling for help—no one hears you.

O'HARA

Well, any time you call for help, I'm right here, don't forget that, and if there's any help needed—

SADIE

[*With a half smile*] Thanks! Thanks!

O'HARA

Looka here! If something should go wrong—that is, about your getting to Apia—what'll you do? You might as well make plans.

SADIE

What'll I do? That means you're afraid something will go wrong?

O'HARA

No! No! But if the old nose-pusher gets around the Governor somehow, and they do stop you somehow, what'll you do?

SADIE

I don't know.

O'HARA

Go back to the States, I suppose?

SADIE

No—no!

[*She gives a sudden movement of terror*] There's no way they can make me go back to the States, is there?

O'HARA

I don't see how, unless you want to!

SADIE

[*Regaining her composure*] I don't want to go back to the States, yet, awhile.

O'HARA

Mightn't be so bad to run back and see your folks.

SADIE

I haven't any folks. Going back to the States doesn't mean anything to me.

O'HARA

It don't to me either—

[SADIE'S *eyes have suddenly become round and fixed as though a great fear had seized her. She sits gazing into space—suddenly she buries her head in her hands*]

Why, what's the matter, Miss Sadie?

SADIE

[*Through her teeth*] I won't go back to the States —they couldn't make me go, could they?

O'HARA

You don't want to go to Honolulu either, I suppose?

SADIE

[*Disgusted*] No—no!

[*There is a pause*]

O'HARA

You could go to Sydney.

SADIE

[*Dubiously*] Australia? What'd I do there?

O'HARA

Work's easy to get—living's cheap, they say. I'd head that way instead of Apia if I were you.

SADIE

You think I'd do better there?

O'HARA

You'll never get much of anywhere in Apia. Grease spot of the world, they say—and hot—holy bilge water!

SADIE

H-m! I'd never thought of Sydney. Can I get there from here?

O'HARA

There's a boat twice a month. That's where I'm bound as soon as I shed these hash marks—that'll be one month and three days.

SADIE

What are you going to do there?

O'HARA

Going into the building business. Old shipmate of mine has his own place and wants a partner—these

three years Biff's been at me to get my discharge and come in with him. You'd like this Biff. We joined the service same time, sixteen years ago.

SADIE

I'm glad you're fixed, Handsome, and you ought to do fine!

O'HARA

Three times Biff and me joined over. When it came to number four, I said "How about it, Biff?" "Nix," said Biff, "I'm through." We were stationed up Honolulu way then. "Guess what I'm going to do" said Biff. But I knew without guessing, so I stood up with him and the girl and they pushed off for Sydney, me throwing rice.

SADIE

I bet you'll be glad to see 'em.

O'HARA

If you should go to Sidney, Biff and Maggie would set you wise what to do.

SADIE

[*Whimsically*] My can't I just hear Biff's wife yelping with joy at the sight of me.

O'HARA

You haven't any cause to worry about Maggie, Sadie, you two could get along fine.

SADIE

Baby boy, I know females; you don't. One of the reasons I like you, though, is you don't see yet why I'd get the tall top hat from friend Biff's wife.

O'HARA

I've an idea what's on your mind, Sadie. But Maggie's not the kind of female you're meaning. She's square from the toes up. Funny thing, how it is, those that kick highest seem to settle down hardest. Take Biff and Maggie! They are mighty happy and comfortable now, though all the croakers said they'd never make out. You see Biff had been a kind of a hell-raiser—twelve years in the Marines don't put much polish on your nails. Maggie had kind of been knocked about too. Neither of 'em was born with a gold spoon in their mouths and they knew it. Both are wise. I guess no woman who hadn't been on the rocks herself would have risked Biff. It isn't likely a guy who didn't know the mill would have risked Maggie, either. Both knew the real thing when they saw it go. And they've never been sorry.

SADIE

[*Slowly*] Do I get you—do you mean this Maggie was sort of gay before Biff came along?

O'HARA

Biff met her in Honolulu. They were both nuts over each other from the very first. It never mattered to either of 'em that they met in Iweili.

SADIE

[*With a little cry*] In Iweili?

O'HARA

Ye-ah. Knowing the worst to begin with, isn't the worst way to begin.

SADIE

[*In a muffled voice*] My God—hear that rain come down!

O'HARA

Yep, it sure is falling. Of course if there's some reason why you're set for Apia—if there's some one you're looking to see there—er—er—I wouldn't want to persuade you——

SADIE

No, I'm not looking forward to Apia with great wild joy.

O'HARA

Then there's another thing. If you go to Sydney

now, I'll be hoving in sight in a few weeks. Not that that might mean so much to you, maybe.

SADIE

[*Giving him a curious look*] Mean so much? I haven't so many friends, Handsome, but what I could do with one more.

[*She smiles a strange, wistful, tender smile*]

You're an awful funny fellow, Handsome.

O'HARA

I guess I'm the dumbell king, all right—

SADIE

[*Thoughtfully, her chin in her hands*] I thought I knew most all there was to know about men, until you came along—but——

[*Pauses*] Say—have they any kids?

O'HARA

Who?

SADIE

Those friends of yours in Sydney.

O'HARA

Oh, I was thinking of something else. Yep. They have two.

[*Pauses*] How about it?

SADIE

About what?

O'HARA

Changing your route and going to Sydney anyway.

SADIE

[*Slowly*] Yes, why not? I guess no one can stop me from doing that!

[*She gives a laugh and seems to throw off her despondency*]

God! What a poor simp I was to get the wind up all over nothing! There I was jumping with the shakes and nervous as a witch just because that dismal crumb Davidson wouldn't let me go to Apia. Well, Apia my foot—it's Sydney for mine!

[*A native enters from the verandah. He wears a rain coat of rushes over his lava lava and a dripping straw hat*]

O'HARA

[*To native*] What belong you want—lookum see.

NATIVE

I belong make fetch Governor's letter.

[*He holds letter out to* O'HARA]

O'HARA

[*Taking letter, scanning envelope*] It's—for you.

SADIE

[*Taking it gingerly*] For me—who's sending me a letter?

[*Looks at it—turns to* O'HARA]

It's—it's from the Governor's office.

[*She holds it fearfully; her hand trembling*]

O'HARA

[*To native*] Sahulanua mi—make go.

[*The native exits*]

[*To* SADIE] Better open it—

[SADIE *opens letter with nervous twistings. She reads it in silence*]

SADIE

[*Having read letter, reads it aloud in a monotonous voice*]

Listen to this!—"It has been brought to the attention of the Governor that your presence in Pago Pago is not best for the public good. An order of deportation has therefore been issued in compliance with which you will leave this Island on the first boat. A passage from this port to San Francisco—[*Her voice falters a second, but she goes on bravely*] San Francisco—on the S. S. Cumberland, leaving Pago Pago on the 6th inst., will be procured

for you, and a sufficient sum of money given you for the necessities of the journey.

"Signed—JOHN C. Ross,
"Secretary."

[*Stands motionless, mechanically refolds letter with a vague stare. Then, enraged with a growing sense of injustice*] I won't go back to 'Frisco—they can't make me. There's reasons I can't tell you! I've got some rights, haven't I?

[*She stops*]

O'HARA

[*Soothingly*] Now don't get nervous. I tell you what. Go see the Governor yourself right away. Ask him as a favor to let you stay here until the Sydney boat goes. That'll only mean three or four days more.

SADIE

Will he see me?

O'HARA

Hurry up before he goes for dinner—it's only two steps!

SADIE

All right, I'll make him listen! He's got to listen!

O'HARA

Want me to go with you?

SADIE

Wait till I get my hat.

[SADIE *rushes into the bedroom with a whirl of the bead curtains, leaving* O'HARA *on the stage. As she does so* DAVIDSON *appears on the verandah and enters the room. A second later,* SADIE, *slamming a hat on her head, reappears. She stops short on seeing* DAVIDSON. *He gives no evidence of seeing her, but continues across the room as though to go upstairs. Her eyes flashing,* SADIE *puts herself in his way*] So you're back, are you? You low down skunk, what have you been saying—to the Governor about me?

DAVIDSON

[*In a quiet voice*] I've been hoping to have another talk with you, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

[*Between her teeth*] You miserable snail snatcher. I wouldn't talk with you, if you and me were the only people left on earth. You're so doggone mean, it makes me sick even to look at you. That's what I think of you, coming to me with all that guff you spilled about salvation—then going and having me deported on top of it—you low lived.

O'HARA

Sadie—for God's sake!

DAVIDSON

I am wholly indifferent to the abuse you think fit to heap on me, Miss Thompson—but I am puzzled as to the cause of it.

SADIE

You know what you've been and done—filling the Governor up with a lot of filthy lies about me—and now this comes—and I've got to beat it on the next boat.

[*She crumples the Governor's order in her fist, waving it at* DAVIDSON]

DAVIDSON

You could hardly expect him to let you stay here under the circumstances—

SADIE

[*Screaming*] What did the Governor know or care about me until you went and hauled your hooks into me? It's you that did it—you did it all!

DAVIDSON

I don't want to deceive you, Miss Thompson. I urged the Governor to take the only steps consistent with his obligations.

SADIE

Why couldn't you let me be. Was I doing you any harm—was I?

DAVIDSON

You may be sure if you had, I would be the last man to resent it.

SADIE

You don't think I *want* to stay in this rain hole, do you?

DAVIDSON

[*Smiling grimly*] In that case I don't see what cause for complaint you have! You are being given every opportunity of getting out.

O'HARA

[*Pulling at* SADIE's *arm*] Sadie—Sadie—come on —don't talk any more.

SADIE

[*Shaking off* O'HARA *and following* DAVIDSON *putting herself directly in front of him and shrieking, words tumbling pell-mell*]

You! You! I know your kind, you dirty two-faced mutt! I'll bet when you were a kid you caught flies and pulled their wings off—I bet you stuck pins

in frogs, just to see 'em wiggle and flap while you read 'em a Sunday School lesson—I know you! You'd tear the heart out of your grandmother if she didn't think your way and tell her you were saving her soul—you—you—You psalm-singing —!—!—!

[*Her crazy words end in an inarticulate shriek of rage. During the above, as though drawn by* SADIE'S *clamor,* MRS. DAVIDSON *runs down the stairs,* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *rush in from the porch;* HORN, *astonished out of his usual calm enters from the store. They watch the finish of the scene between* SADIE *and* DAVIDSON *in fearful wonder.* MRS. HORN *peers through the door, her children whimpering at her skirts. Following her outburst,* SADIE *breaks into sobs and is pulled out of the scene by* O'HARA—SADIE *and* O'HARA *cross the verandah noisily and exit. No word is spoken on the stage.* DAVIDSON *stands in terrible silence. His wife, her hands clasped, watches him.* HORN *signals his wife—* MRS. HORN *and the children withdraw, followed by* HORN. *On the stage are the* MACPHAILS *and the* DAVIDSONS *only*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Alfred—this sort of thing must stop, it can't go on—it's wearing you out—that woman is possessed of devils.

DAVIDSON

Yes—she is possessed of devils—

[*In a deliberate voice*] However, you will be glad

to hear that the Governor has acted at last. He's a weak man. For days he's shilly-shallied. He said she was only here for a fortnight anyway and when she got to Apia she would be under British jurisdiction, and the affair was none of his concern.

MACPHAIL

I can readily see why he felt it was none of his concern!

DAVIDSON

[*Ignoring* MACPHAIL'S *remark*]

[*He springs to his feet*] Am I not devoting my life to cleanse these islands of sin? Is not the very existence of this woman a scandal? Does it help matters to shift her to another island not under our flag?

DR. MACPHAIL

How did you convince him?

DAVIDSON

[*With underlying intent*] I finally had to speak straight from the shoulder! The mission I represent is not entirely without influence in Washington. I pointed out to him that it would do him no good if there should happen to be a complaint as to how he managed things here—that changed his tune. Miss Thompson will leave on the first boat that goes.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Wearily*] How soon will that be?

DAVIDSON

The San Francisco boat is due here from Sydney next Tuesday. She's to sail on that.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*With a sigh*] Four days more!

DAVIDSON

[*Looking at his watch*] It's half past six.
[*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] Are you ready, Hester?
[*He starts up the stairs slowly*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

Yes, Alfred.
[*She turns to* MRS. MACPHAIL] No matter where we are, always we make it a point to read a chapter of the Gospel either after tea or before retiring for the night. Then we study it with the commentaries and discuss it thoroughly. It's a great training for the mind.
[*This speech takes* MRS. DAVIDSON *off*]
[*The* MACPHAILS *exchange glances.* DR. MACPHAIL *drags on his pipe and turns to his wife*]

DR. MACPHAIL

That settles Miss Thompson's hash, I guess.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Sighing*] These incessant scenes are very trying. I don't understand them. They horrify me.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Puffing*] Um-m—But who's to blame? Even a rabbit, you know, tears at the trap closing over it.

[MRS. MACPHAIL *sighs and stitches on her comforter. Somewhere from above there comes a voice lifted in prayer. It reverberates above the steady downpour of the rain.* MACPHAIL *gestures to his wife. His finger is at his lips. She nods*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

Yes! I heard him last night. The partition between the room is so thin. I thought he'd never stop.

DR. MACPHAIL

I suppose he's praying for the soul of Sadie Thompson.

MRS. MACPHAIL

No wonder Mrs. Davidson looks like a ghost. She's so sensitive to sin. She tells me she hasn't closed her eyes since we came, thinking of that unmentionable woman under the same roof with her.

DR. MACPHAIL

Hm!—The founder of her religion wasn't so squeamish.

MRS. MACPHAIL

Don't joke about such things please, Robert.

[*She bites her thread in virtuous, wifely reproof*]

[SADIE *and* O'HARA *are now seen reentering the verandah.* O'HARA *is half supporting* SADIE, *who on seeing that the room is occupied by* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *sinks into a chair by the verandah rail*—O'HARA *enters the room and crosses to the Doctor.*]

O'HARA

[*In a low voice*] Excuse me, Doctor—but— Miss Thompson isn't feeling well—will you see her for a moment?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Rising*] Certainly.

O'HARA

She's right out there—I'll bring her in!

O'HARA

[*Beckoning* SADIE *in*] Sadie—here's Doctor MacPhail. Tell him what you want.

[SADIE *enters*]

O'HARA

[*Speaks in lower voice to* SADIE] I've got to get back for inspection now—I'll come around later—see you later—now keep your chin up. [*They shake hands,* O'HARA *exits hurriedly.* SADIE *crosses slowly to* DR. MACPHAIL, *who sets a chair for her.* SADIE *sits, looking nervously at* MRS. MACPHAIL]

DR. MACPHAIL

This is my wife—Miss Thompson—

[MRS. MACPHAIL *glances quickly at her husband—who pantomines her to be pleasant*—SADIE *nods*—MRS. MACPHAIL *does likewise*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Nervously gracious*] I—I—believe we are fellow lodgers.

SADIE

[*Apathetically*] Yes.

[*There is an embarrassed pause.* MACPHAIL *signals for his wife to go*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Rising*] Has the rain lessened at all?

SADIE

No-o—not much.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Crossing the verandah*] Last night there was a tiny bit of sunset shining through from somewhere—perhaps there is tonight—I'm going to see.

[*She exits with nervous flutterings*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Sorry to hear you're not feeling well.

SADIE

[*Tensely*] Oh, I'm well enough—not really sick. O'Hara said that bcause I just had to see you.

[*She clasps her hands until the knuckles show white*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Gently*] Yes—Miss Thompson?

SADIE

It's this, doctor! I've been ordered to clear out of here on a boat that's going to San Francisco.

DR. MACPHAIL

So I understand.

SADIE

[*Hoarsely*] Well, it isn't convenient for me to go

back to San Francisco now. I've just been to see the Governor about it. He didn't want to speak to me, I'll say, but I wouldn't let him shake me off. Finally he said he had no objection to my staying here until the next boat to Sydney goes, if the Reverend Davidson would stand for it.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Dubiously*] I don't know exactly what I can do.

SADIE

[*Desperately*] Well I thought maybe you wouldn't mind asking the Reverend Davidson if he'd let me go to Sydney instead. I swear to go; I won't start anything here—if he'll only let me stay. I won't go out of my room if that will suit him. It's only three or four days longer.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Touched by her apparent desperation*] I'll ask him.

SADIE

Tell him I can get work in Sydney—straight stuff. It isn't making much—I know I've talked to him awful—but he got me so mad—but I'll admit he's got me beat now—tell him I just can't go back to San Francisco—there's reasons—I just can't!

[*She catches the doctor's hand in hers*] Please—please!

DR. MACPHAIL

When I see him I'll do what I can.

SADIE

[*Inarticulately*] Thank you—thank you!

[MACPHAIL *starts to exit by verandah as though to follow his wife.* SADIE *sees he is not going to do it immediately. She goes after him*]

Oh—couldn't you do it now—I can't settle to a thing until I know the dope one way or another.

DR. MACPHAIL

Oh well, alright.

[*He recrosses reluctantly and mounts stairs*—SADIE *crosses after him and listens*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Oh, Davidson!

[*We hear* DAVIDSON *answer off stage*]

DAVIDSON

What is it Doctor?

DR. MACPHAIL

I want to speak to you about something. Shall I come up?

DAVIDSON

No, I'll come right down!

[*During above* SADIE *stands by staircase listening tensely. On hearing this she scurries over to her doorway.* DR. MACPHAIL *descends*]

SADIE

[*Frantically tugging at* MACPHAIL'S *arm*] Tell him I ask his pardon—tell him I'm sorry.

DR. MACPHAIL

Yes—yes—better get into your room, Miss Thompson.

[*He motions to her to go into her room.* DAVIDSON *is heard descending.* SADIE *hurries to obey.* DAVIDSON *enters. A flicker comes into his eye as he notices that the bead curtain into* SADIE'S *room is still moving.*]

DAVIDSON

[*Coolly*] Well, Doctor, what can I do for you?

DR. MACPHAIL

It's—er—it's about Miss Thompson.

[DAVIDSON *stands frigidly waiting for* MACPHAIL *to continue*]

The Governor has told her that if you have no objection he will allow her to remain here until she can take the boat for Sydney.

DAVIDSON

I'm sorry, Dr. MacPhail, but it is useless to discuss the matter.

DR. MACPHAIL

It appears the girl has reasons for not wanting to return to San Francisco. I don't see that it makes any difference if she goes to Sydney instead. It's only a matter of a few days.

DAVIDSON

[*Slowly*] Why is she unwilling to go back to San Francisco?

DR. MACPHAIL

I didn't inquire—and I think one does better to mind one's own business.

DAVIDSON

You mean this interference for the best, Doctor, but my mind is made up.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Very slowly*] If you want to know what I think—I think you are harsh and tyrannical.

DAVIDSON

[*With a gentle smile*] I'm terribly sorry you should think that of me, Dr. MacPhail. Believe me my heart bleeds for that unfortunate woman—but I cannot find it in my conscience to change the decision. If the Governor wishes to do so on his own account, that is his business.

DR. MACPHAIL

He won't—and you know why—
[*A long look passes between the two*]

DAVIDSON

[*With a melancholy smile*] Please don't bear malice toward me because I cannot accede to your wish—I respect you very much, Doctor—and I should be sorry if you thought ill of me.

DR. MACPHAIL

I have no doubt you have a sufficiently good opinion of yourself to bear mine with equanimity.

DAVIDSON

[*With a gloomy chuckle*] That's one on me!
[DAVIDSON *turns and exits upstairs and* SADIE'S *door opens fearfully. She comes out*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Averting his eyes from hers*] I'm sorry.
[*He shakes his head. A sob breaks from* SADIE—*she covers her face and stands shaking before him*]

SADIE

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*In sudden pity*] Don't give up hope—I think it is a shame the way they're treating you—I'll go and see the Governor myself.

SADIE

[*Brokenly*] Will you? Will you? Now?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Going toward verandah*] Now!

SADIE

[*Inarticulately*] You're awful good—awful good!
[MRS. MACPHAIL *enters from verandah*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

Where are you going—Robert?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Curtly*] Just a step—I'll be back in two minutes.

MRS. MACPHAIL

Dinner's nearly ready—
[SADIE *shudders and sobs*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Don't cry, Miss Thompson—I think I can do something.

SADIE

[*Struggling for composure*] God bless you—Doctor—God bless you—you don't know what this means to me.

[MACPHAIL *exits and* SADIE *sinks into a chair.* MRS. MACPHAIL *is evidently deeply curious but she says nothing—she unrolls her sewing.* SADIE *sits in stony silence, twisting her hands drearily*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Attempting to be charitable*] Everything is so damp, my needle has rusted in just these few minutes.

SADIE

[*In a desolate voice*] Yes—even your bones would rust around here.

[*The silence is punctured by the rain*]

[*Outside we hear the clatter of* MRS. HORN *and the children.* MRS. HORN *enters with more dishes. She waddles to the table, her children at heel*]

MRS. HORN

[*Screaming at the children*] Yah—Yah!—let go me—you!—you!—such pesterings—me fall over you—you break your neck—you make let go, chinna!—Yah, yah, yah!

[*She slams the dishes on the table, shrieking in native Kanaka at the children*]

[*To* MRS. MACPHAIL] Dinner very soon happen!—

mebbe five, mebbe ten minutes now—better you make ready.

[HORN *enters from the store*]

HORN

The din of my spouse—and the spluttering of Hamburg steak—not to mention the odor of indifferent grease—have detached me from my slumbers.

[*He sprawls into his cane chair and continues in elaborate mockery as he sniffs*]

I detect our menu!—The hamburg steak of our luxurious table d'hote, you are surely familiar with, by this time, Mrs. MacPhail. As a flanking dish we offer you fried bananas, I believe. My fair Ameena, here, rarely varies the diet—she has deduced that it is substantial, satisfying and easy to prepare. She is a wise woman—she knows that ten minutes after consummation it won't matter whether one has dined on truffled grouse or hamburg steak—so why bother—isn't that so—my beloved?

[*Arms akimbo, nodding with pride,* MRS. HORN *listens to oration. She smiles a vast, beaming smile*]

MRS. HORN

[*Proudly*] That man—my husband—he talk damn fine—what?

[*Wisely*] Hui!—That's right—That's right—

HORN

See! She concurs! No more need be said.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*For the purpose of making conversation*] At that I quite agree with you, Mr. Horn. Most of us think too much about our stomachs—Take Mr. Davidson, he scarcely eats anything—but he is a very strong man —unusually strong—

[*Nodding wisely, her head cocked to one side,* MRS. HORN *listens to the above. Now she breaks in excitedly*]

MRS. HORN

Muihichia! Me tell you something. Meestaire Davidson, belong damn big Ju-ju-ija!

HORN

[*Pretending reproof*] My dear Ameena!

MRS. HORN

All I same I know!—He Ju-ju-ija!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Biting her thread*] What *is* she saying?

HORN

[*With amused mockery*] My wife in her gentle Polynesian way is tendering a high compliment to the Reverend Davidson—she says Dr. Davidson reminds her of a Ju-ju-ija!

MRS. MACPHAIL

Whatever does she mean?

HORN

My knowledge of the Ju-ju-ija is limited. When we got civilized here most of the Ju-ju-ijas packed off to remote places to weave their spells in peace—

[*He turns to* MRS. HORN] He ate up devils, didn't he, Ameena?

MRS. HORN

Yes—Yes—Ju-ju-ija he ate plenty devil—know everything—see everything—my father's time, plenty Ju-ju-ija—now all gone!

HORN

A species of wizard, you perceive!

[*He smiles maliciously*] Knew everything! Saw everything! Lived by the power of thought! A grilled goat chop had no charms for him. When hungry he simply ferreted out a devil and ate him up for tea. Eh, Ameena?

SADIE

[*Jumping to her feet*] God! It gives me the willies to hear that kind of talk.

[SADIE *rises and walks nervously toward verandah, looks out in direction of Governor's house—while her*

back is turned HORN *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *exchange glances, pregnant with meaning. The rain beats down pitilessly. In the silence we hear again the rumble of* DAVIDSON'S *voice, coming from above. He is praying.* SADIE *returning begins to shiver. She shakes so that it is noticeable to* MRS. MACPHAIL. *She takes a glass of water from the table and tries to drink. The glass drops from her trembling hand and crashes to the floor*]

SADIE

[*Shaking*] Oh; I'm sorry—I'm sorry!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Half rising*] You are ill, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

No—I'm all right—this rain chills you—don't it?

HORN

[*Pouring a drink from his bottle into the tumbler*] Here—drink—this.

SADIE

Thanks!

[*She gulps the drink*]

[*Turns to* HORN *and asks in a hushed voice*] That's Reverend Davidson upstairs—isn't it?

HORN

Sounds like his voice.

SADIE

[*Holding out her glass*] Give me another—please. [*Horn pours it for her. She gulps it*]

What's he saying?

[*She jerks her head in the direction of upstairs. We hear Davidson's voice saying "Amen." The praying finishes*]

HORN

[*Ironically*] He said "Amen!"

SADIE

Either I'm jinxed or this stuff is, Horn, I can't seem to feel it!

[*She holds out her glass*] Maybe your wife's Juijua is after me!

[*She laughs a little crazily*] What's that the old jig does? Sees everything—knows everything?

[*Drinks what* HORN *pours out for her*] Well, that's the kind of eye the Reverend Davidson has, all right! He'd look right into you and know what you were trying to hide,—It wouldn't be any use to try to keep much from him, would it?

[*A native girl enters with an old cow bell which she rings vigorously, announcing dinner.* MRS. HORN *follows with two steaming platters.* HORN *rises lazily*]

HORN

Ha, the feast is served!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Rising*] I suppose we may as well sit down. For myself, I doubt whether I can eat a bite.

[MRS. DAVIDSON *is seen descending.* SADIE *sees her coming—pauses irresolutely—undecided what to do. Then she turns and walks quickly off by the verandah way.* MRS. DAVIDSON *makes no comment on* SADIE'S *flight. She takes her place at the table in silence.* MRS. HORN *gives orders to the native girl.* DAVIDSON *begins to descend. As he enters he notes that* MACPHAIL *is absent.*]

DAVIDSON

[*Amiably*] Isn't your husband dining?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Nervously*] He just stepped out for a minute.

DAVIDSON

[*With a peculiar smile*] Where has he gone?

MRS. MACPHAIL

I couldn't say exactly.

DAVIDSON

[*Almost amused*] Ah! I think I can guess!

[*He seats himself and bows his head. The others follow suit. There is a second's silence while grace is said*]

[MACPHAIL *and* SADIE *appear on the verandah. The change in* SADIE *is extraordinary. Her hair is dishevelled and her eyes glare with fear. The tears stream down her face.* MACPHAIL *is silent and depressed. The two stand waiting patiently until grace is over*]

DAVIDSON

[*Lifting his head and seeing* SADIE—*speaking in a pleasant cordial voice*] Can I do something for you, Miss Thompson?

[MACPHAIL *goes to his place at the table but does not sit*]

[SADIE *comes toward* DAVIDSON *with a horrible cringing movement*]

SADIE

I'm sorry for what I said to you today—for everything that's happened—I ask pardon.

DAVIDSON

[*Smiling*] I guess my back's broad enough to bear a few hard words.

SADIE

You've got me beat, I'm all in—For God's sake

don't make me go to 'Frisco. I'll go anywhere else you say.

[DAVIDSON'S *genial manner vanishes and his voice grows hard and stern. He leaves the table and comes to her*]

DAVIDSON

Why don't you want to go back there?

SADIE

I guess my people live there. I don't want them to see me like this.

DAVIDSON

I understood you had no people.

SADIE

I've got a father.

DAVIDSON

You told me yourself your father did not live in San Francisco.

SADIE

Yes.

DAVIDSON

That isn't the reason you do not want to go back—what is the reason?

SADIE

I've told you.

DAVIDSON

No, you have not told me.

SADIE

[*Craftily*] It's this way, Reverend Davidson. I'm trying to go straight now. If I go back to San Francisco, I can't go straight.

DAVIDSON

What will prevent you from going straight—if you really want to?

SADIE

There's a man in San Francisco, who won't let me.

DAVIDSON

Why won't he let you?

SADIE

He just won't.

[*More furtively, cautiously, feeling her way carefully but not carrying conviction*]

It's this way. I'm afraid he'll get me again.

DAVIDSON

Who is this man?

SADIE

[*At random*] Sort of politician.

DAVIDSON

And you fear his influence?

SADIE

Yes—that's it.—He's a bad man—I'm scared of him.

DAVIDSON

Does he need to know you have returned?

SADIE

Oh, he'll know all right.

DAVIDSON

San Francisco is a big place, it should not be difficult to keep out of his way—if you want to.

SADIE

[*Groping her way*] I'll have to get help once I get back. The only folks who'll help me are in with him.

DAVIDSON

If you earnestly desire to go straight, there will be no necessity of going to your former friends for help. My mission will look after you until you are on your feet. This man you fear will never know you are in the city.

SADIE

[*Wildly*] He'll know, though—He'll know! All the boats coming in are being watched.

DAVIDSON

Do you mean to tell me that every boat coming into the port will be watched, on the chance you are on it?

SADIE

Yes—Yes!

DAVIDSON

[*In a terrible voice*] Come, Miss Thompson, these evasions are getting you nowhere. Why are you afraid to return to San Francisco?

SADIE

I've told you—I can't go straight there.

DAVIDSON

[*Rising and towering over* SADIE *who puts her hands up to her face and cringes*]

Shall I tell you why you are afraid to go back?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*To* MRS. DAVIDSON] I think you and I had better leave!

[MRS. DAVIDSON *nods. The two ladies rise and hastily exit.* HORN *taps* MACPHAIL *on the shoulder. The two men sneak off via the verandah leaving* SADIE *and* DAVIDSON *alone on the stage. She cowers before him*]

DAVIDSON

You have told me lies. Now I shall tell you the truth. This politician you fear is a politician in uniform—and he wears a badge!

[*He takes her by the shoulders, and his great shining eyes seem to bore into her soul*]

What you fear is—the penitentiary.

[*She gives a sudden cry, then weakens at the knees and falls, clasping his legs*]

SADIE

Don't send me back there. I swear to you before God, I'll be a good woman. I'll give all this up.

[DAVIDSON *leans over her, lifts her face, forces her to look at him*]

DAVIDSON

Is that it—the penitentiary?

SADIE

[*Faintly*] I was framed! But I got away before they caught me. They'll nab me the moment I step off the ship, and it's three years for mine—three years —three years.

[DAVIDSON *lets go of* SADIE *and she falls in a heap on the floor, sobbing bitterly*]

[*After a second, between her sobs*] Give me a chance—one chance.

DAVIDSON

[*With shining eyes*] I'm going to give you the finest chance you've ever had.

SADIE

[*Taking hope, half rises*] I don't have to go back—you mean?

DAVIDSON

Yes, you'll have to go back, you will sail for San Francisco Tuesday as the Governor has ordered.

[SADIE *gives a groan of horror, sinks on the floor again and bursts into low, hoarse moans, scarcely human*]

If you are truly repentant you will gladly accept this

punishment—you will offer it to God as the atonement for your sins.

[*The missionary's lips move silently in prayer*]

[*Finishing his prayer. Gently*] When you want me, Sadie Thompson, call for me—I will come.

[*Davidson is extraordinarly moved. Tears run down his cheeks*] At any hour—day or night—when you need me I will come—I shall be waiting for your call.

[*He turns and slowly starts toward the stair.* SADIE'S *shuddering moans become fainter. They are now deep, tortured sighs*]

[DAVIDSON *begins to mount the stairs.* SADIE *rouses herself. She gives a little cry.* DAVIDSON *pauses*]

SADIE

[*Struggling to her feet*] Reverend Davidson—wait a minute! [*A flicker of craft comes into* SADIE'S *eyes —the craft of desperation. Her expression indicates that her mind is working rapidly. She crosses to* DAVIDSON *and clasps her hands.*] Rev. Davidson—you're right.—I am a bad woman, but I want to be good, only I don't know how—So you let me stay here with you, then you can tell me what to do, and no matter what it is I'm going to do it for you.

DAVIDSON

[*Shaking his head*] No, you can't stay here—You've got to go back to San Francisco—You've got to serve your time.

SADIE

[*Looking at him astonished after her offer*] You mean to say if I repent and I want to be good—I still have to go to the penitentiary?

DAVIDSON

Yes—you've got to go.

SADIE

All right then—you send me back there and that's my finish.

DAVIDSON

No—it will be your beginning!

SADIE

[*Turning to him and throwing her last plea*] But I was framed, I tell you!—I was framed!

DAVIDSON

[*Standing arms folded*] Innocent or guilty, you must serve your sentence! It's the only way you can prove to God that you are worthy of His mercy.

SADIE

Innocent or guilty? What kind of a God are you talking about?—Where's your mercy? Ah, no, Rev. Davidson, I guess that repentance stuff is off.

DAVIDSON

Was it ever on, Miss Thompson?

SADIE

Whether it was or not, it's off now! The way you figure out God, he's nothing but a Cop.

DAVIDSON

You've got to go back to San Francisco!

SADIE

[*Throwing discretion to the winds*] Straight orders from your private heaven, eh? Ah, no, Rev. Davidson, your God and me could never be shipmates, and the next time you talk to Him—[*She steps up to him and shouts in his face*] You tell Him this for me—Sadie Thompson is on her way to Hell!

DAVIDSON

[*Drawing himself up to full height and shouting back at her*] Stop! This has gone far enough!

SADIE

[*In wild hysteria*] No! It hasn't gone far enough! You've been telling me what's wrong with me—now I'll tell you what's wrong with you—you keep yelling at me—be punished!—Go back and suffer! How do you know what I have suffered? You don't know—you don't care—you don't even ask and you call yourself a Christian—you're nothing but a miserable witch burner—that's what you are—you believe in torture—you know you're big and you're strong and you've got the law on your side—and the power to hang me—all right! But I want to tell you this—I've got the power to stand here and say to you—Hang me and be damned to you! [*She stampedes into her room sobbing hoarsely. Davidson's lips move in prayer as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

TIME—*Night. Four days later.*

SCENE—*The scene is the same as the preceding. The rain is beating persistently on the roof. On the verandah the shades are drawn. Indoors the center lamp is lit, casting a circle of reddish light on the floor below. The corners of the room are heavily in shadow. Blending with the sound of the rain, as from a distance, we hear the ominous beating of festival drums.*

AT RISE—*At the curtain's rise,* HORN *and his wife are alone on the stage.* HORN *is seated under the lamp, reading.* MRS. HORN *is snoozing, her head nodding, a palm-leaf fan slipping from her fingers.*

HORN

[*Reading aloud from his book*] Everything goeth—everything returneth—eternally rolleth the wheel of existence! Everything dieth—everything blossometh forth again. Eternally runneth on the year of existence! Thus spake Zarathustra! [*He smacks his lips as though enjoying the sonorous rolling of the words.*] Good old Nietzche! [*There comes a faint cry from* SADIE'S *room—the cry of a person awakening from an uneasy sleep.*]

SADIE

[*Calling from her room*] Reverend Davidson!—Reverend Davidson! [HORN *lays aside his book,—and* MRS. HORN *opens one eye*]

MRS. HORN

Ohm! [*She struggles into an upright position and listens*] She wake up! Mebbe I go look-see, what?

HORN

[*Wearily*] No! Don't do anything. If God is good she is only turning over!

MRS. HORN

[*Sleepily*] Alumen—ta—mih—bah!—tomorrow she go! Trouble all finish, zazut!

HORN

Tomorrow she goes!— That episode endeth! [*They both listen. The sound from* SADIE'S *room is repeated.* MRS. HORN *rises and crosses to door, and opens it gently.* SADIE'S *voice is heard*]

SADIE

[*Crying from her room*] Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson!

MRS. HORN

[*At door*] He soon be coming—He soon be coming.

SADIE

[*Her voice is like a child's*] Hasn't he got back yet.

MRS. HORN

[*Consolingly*] He come soon now—you go sleep!

SADIE

Oh—dear!

MRS. HORN

You good girl now—nothing be 'fraid— [MRS. HORN *closes door and returns to her chair. She rocks and* HORN *reads. There is a moment's silence. Then a loud knock is heard, seeming to come from the store.* MRS. HORN *starts.* HORN *listens. The knock is repeated.*]

HORN

Who in creation's that?

MRS. HORN

Mamut! Mamut! Who?

HORN

Go see—Ameena!

MRS. HORN

[*Fearfully*] Me no like go! Too many bad things happen.

HORN

Damn! [*He rises lazily, crosses and opens the door.* O'HARA *enters.*] Oh, it's you, is it? Why the back way?

O'HARA

Nix—will you [*He holds up a warning hand.*]

HORN

Where you been all week?

O'HARA

[*Grimly*] In the brig.

HORN

[*With a smile*] Yep! I heard you was demi-tassing in the guard house.

O'HARA

[*Angrily*] I'm out tonight, all right, though, they'll all find out.

HORN

About time you come around. Nice doing we've been having.

O'HARA

I'll bet you have! Where's all your swell company?

HORN

Whole caboodle's gone over to that native witch dance on Tangu Island.

O'HARA

[*Bitterly*] I had a hunch they'd go over there. The Reverend couldn't pass up a chance like that, to get a few words in. Bet he busts the show up when the dancing starts.

HORN

Ye-ah—he'll be needing new brands to snatch from the burning, now he's nipped poor Sadie Thompson out of the flames.

O'HARA

He can't get back before midnight anyway—so we've got happy moments for a couple of hours. [O'HARA *pauses, then says in a different voice, pointing to* SADIE'S *room*] How is she?

HORN

[*Shaking his head*] Not so good.

O'HARA

[*Hesitatingly*] Has she wondered why I haven't been around?

HORN

[*Laconically*] No!

O'HARA

[*Hurt*] Didn't you tell her, you old pelican, that they had me in the brig?

HORN

Nope! She didn't ask.

O'HARA

[*Very hurt*] She didn't ask?

HORN

Nope—didn't even enquire about you!

O'HARA

[*Looking very blue*] I'm asking because we were pretty good friends last time I saw her.

HORN

Don't suppose, do you, she's had time to think about you or anything else, with Davidson getting her ready to go back to San Francisco.

O'HARA

What's he been doing to her?

HORN

Praying.

O'HARA

Praying?

HORN

Praying!

O'HARA

Got her beached with his psalm stuff—what?

HORN

Beached and delirious, I'd say.

O'HARA

He took damn good care to get me stowed away before he started, didn't he? Well, I beat him to it tonight.

HORN

How did you get out?

O'HARA

[*With a short laugh*] Walked out through the mess window. Little Griggs and Hodgson helped me—good boys, both of them—they ought to be here any

minute now.

HORN

Um! What's a-doing, O'Hara? You arouse my curiosity.

O'HARA

If I was you I'd ease off to bed with my old lady—and not have any curiosity.

HORN

You would, would you—and why would you do that?

O'HARA

[*Winking*] I'd do that so's I wouldn't get blamed for anything in case anything happened. [HORN *gestures to his wife to leave them alone, in obedience to which she rises and waddles off*]

HORN

Run along, Amena! [*With mock mournfulness*] Sounds like another row is starting! Most unlucky day of my life—that day the *Orduna* came into port [*He pauses, then goes on with elaborate mournfulness*] I like my comfort! For five days now this whole household has centered on that tormented Thompson girl in there while Davidson and Old Nick wrestled for her soul! It's got me nervous!

O'HARA

[*Shortly*] Cheer up—it won't center 'round her much longer!

HORN

What do you know about it—safe in the brig all week! [*Pauses*] There's hasn't been such a casting out of devils since the First Chapter of Exodus. [*His voice rings with mockery*] The last vestige of mortal sin lurking in that poor critter's heart has been torn out. [*He points to* SADIE'S *door*] The Sadie Thompson that blew into my hotel a week ago isn't any more. Wait till you see her.

O'HARA

[*Quickly and anxiously*] Aren't keeping anything from me, are you?

HORN

Wait till you see her, I tell you—she's like a victim they've got trussed up to sacrifice to some bloody idol. Yep, it'll make you sick to look at her!

O'HARA

God!—what's she doing now—sleeping?

HORN

I haven't heard her yell for Davidson for at least ten minutes, so let's hope so.

O'HARA

[*Sharply*] Get her out for me! I'll tend to the rest of this.

HORN

[*Rising*] Gladly, gladly—my mind's a blank save for one fact—tomorrow Miss Sadie Thompson'll be on the high seas— [*Horn crosses to* SADIE'S *door*]

O'HARA

[*Grimly*] You'll bet she'll be!

HORN

[*Rapping on* SADIE'S *door*] Are you asleep, Miss Thompson? [*An inarticulate sound from* SADIE'S *room*] This is Horn—will you come out a moment? You're wanted.

SADIE

[*Listlessly*] . All right. [HORN, *with a shrug of relief, exits hastily with a backward look at* O'HARA *of mingled mirth and pity*] [SADIE'S *door slowly opens. She stands there, her hand over her eyes, like a person waked from sleep. Her hair is uncurled and hangs straight about her shoulders and down her back. She wears an old white dressing-gown of towelling. Over her shoulders is thrown a knitted shawl. She stands vaguely—uncertainly—in*

her doorway. Her bare feet are thrust into bedroom slippers. Her eyes are tragic and dark-ringed, her face ghastly. The ghost of a smile comes to her mouth as she sees O'HARA. *He crosses instantly to her side and takes her hand*]

O'HARA

[*Shocked at her appearance*] Sadie! You look awful sick.

SADIE

[*Coming forward*] I was wondering whether I'd see you before I left. You've been awful kind to me —I'll never forget it—I want to thank you.

O'HARA

[*Shortly*] Look here, Sadie—how long'll it take you to get packed?

SADIE

I'm pretty well packed up, now—Mrs. Horn helped me get ready after dinner——

O'HARA

That's good—Griggs and Hodgson'll be along any minute now, they're to tote your bags. You hurry up now and get dressed as fast as you can.

SADIE

Get dressed?

O'HARA

You're leaving this place tonight.

SADIE

But the boat don't get in until tomorrow morning.

O'HARA

Your boat's going out tonight—and I'm going to see you get aboard her.

SADIE

But I must wait for Mr. Davidson—he was going to see me on board. I——

O'HARA

Mr. Davidson isn't going to see you off.

SADIE

[*Getting frightened*] He isn't going to see me on board. What's happened? Where is he?

O'HARA

You're not going back to San Francisco—that's what's happened. You're leaving in a few minutes

for the Samarkind Islands on a junk—you're going to wait there until the Sydney boat comes along—then you're going to Sydney.

SADIE

Did Mr. Davidson say so?

O'HARA

I say so!—you didn' think I was going to stand by and do nothing while they railroaded you back somewhere you didn't want to go, did you. [SADIE *does not answer.* O'HARA *continues rapidly*]—Hurry up, now, and get your clothes on—we've got time but none to spill. [SADIE *does not rise. She stares at* O'HARA *in a distracted way.* O'HARA *continues gently*] Now don't get scared—it's all fixed. You're going as far as the Samarkinds on a ginseng junk and all you'll have to do is to lie low there for a few days until the Sydney boat comes along.

SADIE

[*Hazily—her hand at her head*] What do you suppose Rev. Davidson would think if he came back and found me gone?

O'HARA

Huh! You know the old shouter better than I do. [*Chuckles*] But I don't mind admitting that a

sight of his face at that moment would slip me considerable quiet fun. [*Pauses. She does not respond to his chuckle. He looks at her tenderly*] You've had a pretty bad time, I guess, these last few days. Just forget 'em. From now on everything's going to be fine. Just go put on a hat and dress, so's you'll be ready to start soon as the boys come——

SADIE

It's mighty sweet and fine of you to go to all this trouble for me.

O'HARA

Fine—fine nothing! This ain't one small bit what I'd like to do for you—if I got the chance.

SADIE

Your doing this—it makes me kind of want to cry—but——

O'HARA

What's the but?

SADIE

I can't do it.

O'HARA

Why can't you do it?

SADIE

I'm going through with what I've got to go through with.

O'HARA

[*Grimly*] Are you afraid of Davidson? He'll never get hold of you again. I'll see to that.

SADIE

No—no—that isn't it at all. It would be awful hard for me to make you understand what's come over me. I can't understand it myself. [*A look almost of ecstasy comes into her face.*] Listen, Handsome!—that day—remember—it seems as though it were a hundred years ago—that day the Governor's letter came—I lost my nerve—I ran around like a chicken with its head cut off—I was all over sweat—and I though—I'm just rattled. I thought, I'll see if I can't fool him—I did try—I told him a lie as to why I didn't want to go back to San Francisco—but he saw right through me—he looked right into me—he knew—he knew. [*She stops, then goes on rapidly, pantingly*] Seemed to me then a great net was catching me—I knew nothing was any use—but I tried again. I called him back. I told him I had been a bad woman and I wanted to repent. That was a lie. I'd figured out things for myself long ago and I didn't think I was bad, so there wasn't anything to repent about. I'd doped it out that some folks have luck—some haven't—all folks

can't be the same anyway—who knows what's good or what's bad? Nobody—So I'd let it go at that—just took what came and didn't think too much—I'm not saying, of course, there hadn't been tough moments when you had to think. [*She clings to* O'HARA'S *arm, shaken by memories.*]

O'HARA

Sadie—Sadie—you're getting all upset—please—baby—don't go on so.

SADIE

[*Not heeding the interruption*] Well, I told Davidson I'd repent. I thought maybe he'd be easier on me if he thought I'd fallen for his line. I told him I'd been a bad woman. But he saw through the repentence stuff too. Then I lost my head and talked to him terrible but he didn't seem to mind. He followed me into my room and asked me if I would kneel down and pray and I was so desperate that I said "Yes." Oh, Handsome—Handsome! He knelt down and began to pray. He prayed a long time—hours and hours—I didn't pay much attention at first—the rain was coming down straight and heavy. Outside, everything was damp and clammy—I kept wishing the mosquitoes would stop humming—I was kind of numb, I suppose. There was some dreadful fear catching at my breath—then letting go—but all at once I began to listen—sort of in spite of myself—

Oh, Handsome—Handsome. [*Her voice breaks, she cannot go on*]

O'HARA

[*Gently*] Go on—go on—spill it all. [*He pats her shoulder.*]

SADIE

Mr. Davidson prayed and prayed—and all of a sudden there was I out in a big, bright, beautiful place. Seemed to me all my life I had been in a fog and hadn't known it. Reverend Davidson prayed for hours and hours. I was awful tired—but sort of happy—I knew I could be saved if I wanted to repent and I did want to repent. I told Reverend Davidson how I'd tried to fool him first about repenting—but he said he'd known it all along. [*She pauses, then goes on excitedly*] Then it came, Handsome! I did feel sorry for what I'd been—there was nothing phony about it! I saw myself just as I was. Oh, God! Oh, God! [SADIE *begins to cry in nervous exhaustion. Her tears are the tears of strain, weariness and tension—her sobs jerky and wretched*]

O'HARA

[*Very gently*] Sadie—this thing don't make you happy—you don't realize—it ain't yourself. You've got to forget Mr. Davidson and come with me.

SADIE

No—No—I couldn't—I couldn't. You don't know what you're saying—you haven't any idea what you're saying.

O'HARA

They're not going to send you back there with no one to take care of you— In Sydney in a few weeks you'll have me—remember what I told you about Maggie and Biff.

SADIE

[*Putting her hands to her ears*] I won't listen—I won't listen—stop!—stop!

O'HARA

What's to hinder you repenting in Sidney—just as well as in San Francisco—if you've got to repent?

SADIE

You don't understand—I've got to go back and be punished for what I've been—there's no other way out. I've got to serve my time—then God will forgive me. It's the sacrifice I've got to offer up for the life I've led. Oh, if it would only begin at once. It's this waiting for it to start, that's so bad—all these days and days I'll be alone on the boat. I haven't much courage left. I'm weak. I'm afraid. I'm

dreadfully afraid—on all sides of us there are terrible things. You've got to be very strong, Handsome, to live at all. [*Almost as if to herself*] It will be much easier in the penitentiary.

O'HARA

[*In a strange, shocked voice*] What's that you're saying? The penitentiary?

SADIE

[*With a curious smile*] When I get to San Francisco, Handsome, I've got to go to the penitentiary for—three years.

O'HARA

[*Staring back—under his breath*] Christ!

SADIE

Reverend Davidson says it doesn't make any difference whether I was innocent or guilty, of what they framed me for. He says that is God's way of letting me square myself—he says I've got to accept an unjust punishment by man as a sacrifice to God.

O'HARA

You just listen to me—get into your room and throw your clothes on as fast as you can. [*He pulls her from her chair*]

SADIE

Let go of me—let go! [*She frees herself ferociously—turns on him angrily*] Don't you dare do that again! I want you to go away. Do you hear? Get right out!

O'HARA

[*Brokenly*] Sadie—Sadie——

SADIE

[*Wildly*] I mean it! Get right out! Go away—go away——

O'HARA

Sadie—listen—please——

SADIE

[*Frantically*] Don't you come near me. Go away! [*There is a sound on the verandah of the rain-shutters being pulled aside—and hushed voices.* SADIE *and* O'HARA *listen.* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *enter cautiously. The former carries a basket of ripe pineapples. On* HODGSON'S *arm sits a little red monkey. On seeing the tensity of the situation between* O'HARA *and* SADIE *they pause irresolutely*]

O'HARA

[*In a firm low voice*] Here's the two high-school

boys, Sadie—come to say good-bye to you—they're going to put your things aboard the junk for you. [*His voice is soothing—the voice one uses to a tired, fretful child*] See what they've brought you—Hodgson here's giving you his monkey. He sets awful store by that monkey, too! and here's some fresh pines—right off the trees—that Bill went into the rain to get for you. [O'HARA *takes the monkey from* HODGSON *and comes toward* SADIE, *holding the little beast out to her*] You can't be lonely on the trip with Jocko. He'll be good company for you—you've no idea how funny he is. See, he's just like a little old man! [*Suddenly* SADIE *begins to cry again; she puts her head on the table and sobs violently and hoarsely.* O'HARA *motions to* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *to get* SADIE'S *baggage. The lads nod and enter* SADIE'S *room*]

O'HARA

Here, Sadie—see! Jocko's laughing at you!

SADIE

Don't—don't, Oh, why doesn't Mr. Davidson come!

O'HARA

See—he wants to shake hands—

SADIE

Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson!

O'HARA

[*Holding the monkey's paw to* SADIE] Why don't you say hello—he'll be hurt if you don't!

SADIE

Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson! Why don't he come—why don't he come. [GRIGGS *comes out with an old carpet bag in one hand and a shawl bundle in the other. He sets them down on the floor*]

GRIGGS

[*To* O'HARA *in a low voice*] Most of the stuff is tied up pretty good—but how about the phonograph?

O'HARA

Never mind. I'll bring that. [HODGSON *enters with several large nondescript parcels of bulging shape*] [SADIE *turns and sees* GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *moving her luggage*]

SADIE

[*Crying out*] Oh, what are they doing? They mustn't. They mustn't. [*She gives a scream*] Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson!

O'HARA

Sadie—someone'll hear you—don't for God's sake!

SADIE

Go away—all of you—go away—Mr. Davidson!

O'HARA

[*To* GRIGGS] See if there isn't a coat or something in there—that old peeler's got her tranced. Sadie—when you come to, you're going to thank us. [*To* HODGSON] We're taking her whether she wants to go or not!

SADIE

They're taking my things. They mustn't take my things! [*Pleadingly*] Go away, please. Please let me be. Oh, Handsome, why do you make it so hard for me? [GRIGGS *and* HODGSON *exit with* SADIE'S *things.*]

O'HARA

[*Feelingly*] Don't you know, Sadie? You ain't yourself!

SADIE

[*Earnestly*] I am myself! I am myself. That's what I've been trying to tell you! Reverend Davidson's a holy man—the spirit of God is in him—He's different from you and me—he has made me different—I've been born all over again—don't you see, Handsome?

O'HARA

Yes—I see, and I see something else. [*He walks*

toward her] Remember I told you if you ever needed a friend, I'd be here. Well, you need a friend—right now.

SADIE

Reverend Davidson's my friend.

O'HARA

Now Sadie, you've got to listen to me—[*He waves a hand toward the direction the boys have taken*] Those boys are waiting for us out there in the boat—they are going to row you out to the junk—You're going on that to the Samarkind Islands and then you're going to wait there until the Sidney boat comes along—and then you're going to take that to Sidney.

SADIE

[*Wildly*] I'm going back to San Francisco!

O'HARA

You're not going to San Francisco, you're going to Sidney—[*Sadie looks at* O'HARA *with a strange new fright.*] Sadie! Out there you've got your whole life before you. We'll go away, where this damn rain or anything else can't follow us. Just you and me—like Biff and Maggie—fifty-fifty—you'll be Mrs. Tim O'Hara—it's Sidney and us—the whole damn works against the penitentiary—And I'm taking you whether you want to go out or not! [SADIE *struggles to resist, but pleading, coaxing, cajoling, he is slowly, but surely, urging her toward the verandah.*]

SADIE

[*Despairingly*] You mustn't—you mustn't—I'm saved I tell you. You'll send me to Hell! [*Her voice now fairly rings with fear*] Reverend Davidson!—Reverend Davidson! [*The tall form of* DAVIDSON *suddenly appears on the verandah. He casts his hat and umbrella on the porch floor and strides into the room.*]

DAVIDSON

Here I am—Miss Thompson. It seems I got here just about in time. [O'HARA *stops in his effort to get* SADIE *from the room and stares threateningly at* DAVIDSON. SADIE *runs between them.*]

SADIE

Oh—oh! [SADIE *slips from* O'HARA*'s suddenly relaxed arms. There is something awesome about* DAVIDSON'S *appearance. Although out of breath as from running, his movements now are slow and decisive and his voice when he speaks, sure and contained*]

DAVIDSON

It seems I got here just about in time, Miss Thompson . . . [*Pauses, looks at* O'HARA, *then back to* SADIE] All evening I had a peculiar feeling you were in danger. It was almost as though God were whispering in my ear to hurry back.

O'HARA

[*To* SADIE] Sadie—Sadie—don't pay any attention to him.

DAVIDSON

[*Turning to* O'HARA] I'm sorry for you, O'Hara. What you are trying to do is a serious offense.

O'HARA

[*Heedlessly*] What you're trying to do would make a hyena cry.

DAVIDSON

You are trying to abduct Sadie Thompson. You have made an attempt to defeat the law. It's likely to go hard with you.

O'HARA

That's my look out. God, what kind of a man are you, anyway! Picking on this poor kid here. Getting her so she's half-crazy. Sending her back to where she's got to go to prison. You're one choice specimen, Reverend Davidson. I'll say that for you. They don't make your kind every day!

DAVIDSON

You are a reckless, head-strong man, O'Hara—you are given to loud language and strong drink. Your officers apparently have no control of you. You are breaking barracks now—and attempting a high-handed crime. You defy the authority of State and God. You cannot go on the way you're going—and I shall see to it that you do not!

O'HARA

[*Sneering*] Sounds kind of threatening!

DAVIDSON

Yes—tonight you have made it not only possible, but necessary for me to act in your case. You are a dangerous person. Your influence is a bad thing for everyone you know.

O'HARA

Begging your pardon, might I ask what you think you're going to do about it?

DAVIDSON

[*Sternly*] Get back to your barracks as fast as you can, O'Hara. Report here to me tomorrow, after Miss Thompson has gone.

O'HARA

To you? Where do you get these ideas, anyway? What are you? God's pet what-not? Eh? If it's good advice you want to ladle out—keep it! Your bunk gives me an ear-ache! On such rare moments as I think, I think for myself.

DAVIDSON

Be careful, O'Hara!

O'HARA

You'd like to hound this girl back to the penitentiary, would you?

DAVIDSON

All this is not helping your case. Watch what you say.

O'HARA

I'm here to watch out that Sadie don't make a foolbreak. You've got to do some settling with me before she does any sailing.

SADIE

[*Breaking in*] You're wrong! I know what I'm doing. I'm sorry, Handsome, but I see clear.

O'HARA

See clear! Why this old gadget's got you so it's like you're doped.

SADIE

I see what you don't see—what's happened to me don't happen to everybody. I was nothing. I was nobody. Now I'm something. I'm somebody. Reverend Davidson's shown me! I'd have gone through my whole life never knowing I was anything if it hadn't been for him. It's a wonderful thing to know

you've been made of some account—the only thing I can't see is how it happened to me!

O'HARA

[*Hesitatingly*] Is that the way it is, Sadie?

SADIE

That's the way it is.

O'HARA

What do you want me to do?

SADIE

I don't want you to do anything, except just not say anything more.

O'HARA

[*Huskily*] All right! I'll tell the boys to bring your things back—[*Pause*] If you and me never see each other again I want to say this: I'll not forget you—ever.

SADIE

[*Inaudibly*] Goodbye——

O'HARA

If you'd like the monkey, I'll leave it for you. Hodgson'll be glad for you to have it. [*She shakes her head in silence.* O'HARA *exits miserably*]

SADIE

[*To* DAVIDSON] Don't blame O'Hara, Reverend Davidson—it was all my fault.

DAVIDSON

My poor child, it was not your fault. Far down the beach I heard your cry for help. I heard you call my name. I left MacPhail to take care of the canoe and bring in the women.

SADIE

O'Hara thought he was helping me—he didn't understand.

DAVIDSON

You may be sure, Miss Thompson, I shall give him every chance before I act.

SADIE

[*Desperately.*] Reverend Davidson—O'Hara's an awful simple fellow. He seems rough and all that, but I've met lots of men—and I've never known one so good, take it all through, as him. Please don't do anything to him—I just can't bear to think of him—suffering—and in trouble. He wouldn't know what to do. It's all right for *me*—it was coming to me—but I wouldn't want it to come to him.

DAVIDSON

[*Almost sternly*] You would not want it to come to him! Those are astonishing words, Miss Thompson! O'Hara has an immortal soul—just as you have. Do you want him to lose it? Do you want to deny him the opportunity that came to you?

SADIE

[*In torture*] Oh, no! That isn't what I mean—I don't know what I do mean.

DAVIDSON

If O'Hara is really truthful and simple it will not be difficult to help him—but I fear that he has deceived you about himself. I shall find out—tomorrow.

SADIE

[*Brokenly.*] Reverend Davidson—of course whatever you do is right, I know— it's just that I can't bear to think that I've brought anything on to O'Hara.

DAVIDSON

Can't you see that indirectly you are responsible for the finest thing that could happen to O'Hara. He is to have his chance—just as you had yours! [*He stops; his eyes glow*]

SADIE

[*Hopefully*] Can't—can't—what's coming to me do for both of us?

DAVIDSON

[*Shaking his head*] No one can pay another's reckoning—each one must pay his own.

SADIE

Yes—[*Pauses*] But—you told me—maybe I can't understand right yet—you told me Christ took the punishment for all of us—when they crucified Him.

DAVIDSON

[*As to a child*] Sadie—Christ saved the world for us, but each of us must bear his share of the cross—it wouldn't be fair to leave the whole weight on His shoulders, would it?

SADIE

No—I suppose it wouldn't! When you're here, everything is so clear! Everything's all right—but when you're away, I'm afraid! I get to thinking of how wicked I used to be—and I just can't believe it's all forgiven. The days aren't so bad—but the nights! That's when I begin to think and wonder!—if they're bad now—what are they going to be when you can't come any more—when I'm all alone. [*She*

gives a shudder of fear and a low cry of utter woe]

DAVIDSON

When you are alone my strength will come to you through prayers, which will be always on my lips—little by little you yourself will grow stronger—surer,—and presently the time will come when sin and terror are powerless to penetrate the great love God has wrapped around you. Then will you be redeemed—the kingdom and the glory will be yours.

SADIE

[*In ecstasy*] Yes—yes—when you talk to me like that—I'm not afraid—that old life I led don't seem to belong to me at all—it was someone else—it wasn't me. When I feel that way, Reverend Davidson, does that mean I'm redeemed?

DAVIDSON

[*Gently*] Yes, Sadie—in the last few days you have become very close and dear to God. He has tested you and found you true. Tonight he sent the devil to tempt you—but you thrust away the devil. Once your soul lay like a stagnant pool in the lowest pit of the deepest valley—tonight it has been lifted up to the Sun—stagnant no longer—but cleansed—glorified—as the rain of Heaven!

SADIE

[*Shaking her head sadly*] I guess people don't get things when they're tired.

DAVIDSON

[*Gently*] And tomorrow will be a very busy day. You'll need all your strength—try to get some sleep now.

SADIE

[*Covering her face with her hands*] Tomorrow! Oh] [*She gives a little moan*] [*Crossing to her door*] If I wake up tonight and get afraid will you come and pray with me?

DAVIDSON

When I hear you call—I will come!

SADIE

[*Parting her curtains*] Yes—I'm pretty tired—pretty tired. [*She exits weakly into her room, leaving Davidson seated down stage. His lips move in prayer. There is a look of great ecstasy in his eyes—Footsteps are heard on the verandah.* DR. *and* MRS. MACPHAIL *and* MRS. DAVIDSON *enter and remove their straw waterproofs.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Taking off his goloshes.*] A disagreeable experience!—But since all experience is more or less instructive—and now that the episode is closed, I want to make one final observation. If heaven were promised me if I could get there in a canoe I know where I would really land!

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Going toward* DAVIDSON] I hope you found nothing wrong, Alfred?

DAVIDSON

No! [*Exultantly.*] A great happiness has come to me tonight! I have had proof that Sadie Thompson has been reborn; that I have been privileged to bring a lost soul into the loving arms of Jesus! Truly the marvels of the Lord are demonstrated in strange ways! I should never have known this so surely if it had not been for another's attempted sin.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Dryly*] Since this sin has worked a benefit isn't it a bit unkind to call it sin?

DAVIDSON

[*In a pleasant voice*] It seems to me, Doctor, you rather enjoy refusing to understand me.

DR. MACPHAIL

Not at all—it was only that your statement seemed to prove to me that every piece of good must be first contrasted to a piece of bad to make it a piece of good —but of course I'm only a doctor and these matters may be quite beyond my grasp.

DAVIDSON

[*Sharply*] Precisely!

DR. MACPHAIL

What is especially beyond my grasp, however, is how you have the heart to send that poor thing back to three years in an American prison.

DAVIDSON

Don't you see? It's necessary! Do you think my heart doesn't bleed for her. I love her as I love my wife and sister. All the time she is in prison I shall suffer all the pain she suffers!

DR. MACPHAIL

Bunkum!

DAVIDSON

You don't understand because you don't want to! She's sinned and she must suffer. I know what she'll endure. So does she! Her remorse, for all her sins is beautiful. I am humble and afraid. I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Drawing his pipe*] We agree at last. [*Davidson, first in a revery, makes no response to this. In fact, it is as though he has not really heard MacPhail. After a second, he smiles at MacPhail as one would at a foolish child, picks up his hat and starts toward the verandah*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Anxiously following* DAVIDSON] Alfred, you aren't going out, are you?

DAVIDSON

[*Taking her hand in his with one of his rare demonstrations of affection*] Go to bed, my wife. It is getting late. You look wan and pale.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Her voice changing almost to one of pleading.*]

Alfred, don't go out again tonight please don't; it's not healthy. It has rained for four days now and the air is full of poison, from rotting plants. Besides, I want to talk to you. I—I—have not had a word alone with you, Alfred, for a long time.

DAVIDSON

My poor wife—I know—I know—but I must! I must. [DAVIDSON *exits*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Unhappily.*] He prayed with Miss Thompson last night until she went to sleep. It was nearly three o'clock when he came upstairs. Then he thew himself down on the bed exhausted—but he only slept in snatches. He has strange dreams that puzzle him. He'll have a breakdown if he don't take care.

DR. MACPHAIL

Heaven knows I pity Miss Thompson but I shall heave a sigh of relief when I see her boat leave the harbor

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Sighing*] We'll all breathe freer when she's gone, I think.

MRS. DAVIDSON

Mr. Davidson kept crying out in his sleep last night.

This morning he told me he had been dreaming about the mountains of Nebraska.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Reflectively*] H-m—That's odd!

MRS. DAVIDSON

I don't believe anyone but myself realizes what an enormous amount of emotional force my husband puts into his work.

DR. MACPHAIL

Work is the one outlet for his tremendous energy—that Mr. Davidson allows himself. He should look out.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*In a low voice*] The Lord's work is Mr. Davidson's life! [*Pauses*] On our wedding night Mr. Davidson explained to me his ideals of our marriage. He believed it should be a union free from earthly indulgence, devoted entirely to the salvation of others.

DR. MACPHAIL

A noble doctrine, Mrs. Davidson, but to a medical man like myself every day experience proves that flesh and blood are not things apart from the spirit—

each is mutually dependent upon the other—and their highest expression, strangely enough, is quite identical.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Giving MacPhail a quick look*] I have no knowledge of medical or scientific matters! But I do know Mr. Davidson's life is an extraordinary lesson in denial.

DR. MACPHAIL

But indiscriminate denial often forces outlets—the true character of which would surprise us.

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Sharply*] What do you mean?

DR. MACPHAIL

What I mean is this! Natural emotions can never be denied—only disguised.

MRS. DAVIDSON

You are quite wrong. Both Mr. Davidson and I have high views on matters commonly accepted as part of human nature. I can safely say our marriage is entirely a contract of the spirit.

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Anxious to smooth out a difficult moment*] And

obviously a happy one. All marriages are happy where people have the same ambitions.

MRS. DAVIDSON

You are right. It was hard working alone—and would have been harder as we grew older. I had been a missionary in China. I met Mr. Davidson in Boston at a congress we were both attending.

[*Slowly, her face changing*] It was agreed we were to come out to these islands which my imagination pictured with glowing colors.

[*She becomes soft and human for the only time in the play*] Perhaps I had looked forward to a marriage of another sort. [*Her face grows wistful and sad*] Like all women—I believe—I—wanted children. [*Long pause*] But that was long ago. [*Her eyes are bright with tears*] Sometimes I wonder a little. Two people as isolated and solitary as Mr. Davidson and myself—— [*She pulls herself together*] But no! Mr. Davidson is right. [*She rises*] There is only one course for those who work for others, immolation of self—and sacrifice. [*She becomes her old, stiff masked self*] Good night. [*She goes upstairs quickly*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*A little awed*] I declare—I never realized that Mrs. Davidson, was human.

DR. MACPHAIL

It's highly probable she was born human. Most of us were!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Rolling up her sewing*] I think you are unfeeling, Robert, in your hard and fast diagnosis of others.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Puffing his pipe*] It is my business to diagnose, my dear. I am a doctor. [*Sits thinking*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Going over to him and yawning*] Well, you needn't work overtime on your friends.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Patting her arm*] Everybody's conversation about everybody else is a diagnosis, my dear. In fact, you and I are now diagnosing each other—and my conclusion about you is—to bed, to bed, you sleepy head. Shoo!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Kissing his bald spot*] Serious, silly old darling—Good night! [*She exits upstairs.*]

[*MacPhail crosses to door of store, opens it and looks in*]

DR. MACPHAIL

Hello! You still up, Horn?

HORN

[*Answering*] Yep—reading. Want anything?

DR. MACPHAIL

No—I'm off to bed. [HORN *enters. His feet are bare. He wears frowzy pajamas. He carries a bottle in one hand, a book in the other. He yawns and stretches. The two men listen to the rain.*] Seems to be an uncanny concentration of malignancy about that rain tonight!

HORN

H-m! Perhaps. [*Starting to turn off the lamp*] Everyone in?

DR. MACPHAIL

Davidson's still out—can't sleep—has uneasy dreams his wife tells me. [*He goes as far as the stairs and starts to mount*]

HORN

Can you see the landing?

MACPHAIL

Yes. [*He stops*] Eh, Horn, did you ever go through Nebraska on the train?

HORN

Twenty years ago.

DR. MACPHAIL

Notice the mountains?

HORN

Molehills, you mean.

DR. MACPHAIL

Call 'em what you like. They rose from the plain abruptly, remember—rounded, smooth. [*He starts toward stairs*]

HORN

[*Turning the light very low*]
Yep—what of it?

DR. MACPHAIL

Didn't it strike you they were curiously like a woman's breasts?

[MACPHAIL *exits upstairs.* HORN *proceeds to turn out the lamp as he leisurely digests* MACPHAIL'S *last remark. A flicker of understanding crosses his face. He takes a long look at* SADIE'S *door, then gives a short laugh as though he to say "Well, well, well!" He blows out the lamp and exits, leaving the stage in darkness. The stage is empty for a full minute; through the increasing fury of the rain the plaintive whine of the reed instruments persists. Then the door of* SADIE'S *room opens and she totters out. She carries a little hand lamp. In the wan light of the lamp her face is*

ghastly with suffering. She makes her way to the staircase and calls up pitifully.]

SADIE

[*Calling up the stairs*] Reverend Davidson! Reverend Davidson! [*There is no answer.* SADIE *crosses stage to hatrack; notes that Davidson's hat is gone. She sighs, seats herself on* HORN'S *rattan chair, her chin in her hands, staring at nothing.* DAVIDSON *enters from verandah. He is like a man in a trance, his eyes glazed.* SADIE *gives a little cry and rises on seeing him. He is hatless and rain soaked.*

DAVIDSON

Is that you, Miss Thompson? What are you up for?

SADIE

I couldn't sleep—this rain—and those drums—and then thinking about tomorrow—I couldn't seem to stand it in there another moment—I don't seem to be able to do much by myself, do I?

DAVIDSON

Not yet, maybe, but every prayer is going to make you stronger.

SADIE

This time tomorrow I'll be on the sea—all by myself. I don't suppose I'll ever see you again.

DAVIDSON

Not in this life, Sadie, probably.

SADIE

I'll be in prison three years. That's a long time. What'll I do when I come out? What'll I be? For hours and hours I've been wondering.

DAVIDSON

[*Giving her a strange look*] Out there in the rain. [*Points*] I walked and wondered too. The darkness was full of eyes—I saw things I never saw before. I looked into the awful groves of Asteroth where Solomon went—to find the secrets of joy and terror. I saw Asteroth herself—I saw Judas. Sadie, you don't have to go back to San Francisco.

SADIE

[*Giving him a blank stare*] I don't have to go back? What do you mean?

DAVIDSON

Just that.

SADIE

But—but—didn't you tell me that my going back to prison was an opportunity such as very few people get.

DAVIDSON

It is—but I repeat you do not have to go back unless you truly want to.

SADIE

But I do want to. What sacrifice can I make to God but that? I haven't got anything else to offer. It's the only thing that I've got to give. I want to give it—I must!

DAVIDSON

[*In a voice shaken with emotion*] Thank God! Thank God!

SADIE

Why do you say that Reverend Davidson?

DAVIDSON

Because you said what I knew you'd say. My every prayer has been answered. I prayed that there might come into your heart so passionate a desire for this punishment which you now lay as a thank offering at your Redeemer's feet, that even if I offered to let you go, you would refuse.

SADIE

[*Faintly*] I hope I'll be strong enough to go through with it right!

DAVIDSON

Frow now on you will be strong—there's to be no more fear. [*He now speaks as though in ecstasy*] beautiful—radiant—you will be one of the daughters of the King—[*He bends over her and speaks in a curiously hoarse whisper*] That's what you are now, Sadie—one of the daughters of the King—radiant—beautiful.

SADIE

[*Tottering to her feet*] I'm going to see if I can't get some sleep. Good night! [*She picks the lamp from the chair and exits slowly.* DAVIDSON *stands as though hypnotized watching her. For a brief moment he seems to gain control of his emotions, then strides toward her door and stops abruptly outside it. Suddenly his head droops, his hands clasp convulsively and a bitter struggle between* DAVIDSON, *the man of God, and* DAVIDSON, *human creature, takes place. His head and shoulders now square and with studied deliberation he grasps the handle of* SADIE'S *door, opens it and steps inside, slowly closing the door after him. The rain is now almost a cloudburst and*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

It is morning when the curtain lifts again. The night and the rain have passed. The place is flooded in sunshine. Immediately one is aware hub-bub, within and without.
At the verandah rail stand two natives. They are pointing and crying out. Some horrible object lying on the ground below is the cause of this commotion. Into the scene rushes a native policeman. He crosses the stage and enters HORN'S *store. We hear his excited news and* HORN'S *exclamations of horror.*

HORN

[*Off stage in store*] Ki-Kai-Awana.

POLICEMAN

[*Off stage in store*] Fi-lo-ɬipi-manuva.

HORN

[*Off stage in store*] Mona-lava. Far-fali-oka.

POLICEMAN

[*Off stage in store*] Ki-kai-Awana. [*The store door opens and* HORN *enters followed by the* POLICEMAN.]

HORN

Oh! Talofi-Talofi. Dreadful, dreadful! [*He stumbles upstairs calling "Dr. MacPhail! Dr. MacPhail!"*] [*Piercing cries are heard, and a Native Girl rushes in from the verandah.*]

NATIVE GIRL

Jujouija kepi lay manuva! [*The girl's eyes are dilated with fear. There is chaotic clamoring from all the natives. The policeman roughly pushes them out of the scene.*]

HORN

[*Beating on* DR. MACPHAIL'S *door*] Doctor! Doctor!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Up stairs off stage*] Yes, yes! What is it?

HORN

[*Off stage*] Get up! Right away!

DR. MACPHAIL

What is it?

HORN

Hurry up! Get up right away!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Off stage*] All right, just a minute.

HORN

[*Coming down stairs*] Hurry, doctor!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Off stage*] All right! All right! I'll be right down! [HORN *stumbles downstairs again. Following him comes* DR. MACPHAIL *in pyjamas, his hair sleepily towseled. He carries a medicine kit which he has picked up in his rush.*]

HORN

Hurry—hurry—hurry!

DR. MACPHAIL

All right! Here I am! What is it?

HORN

It's Davidson! Something terrible has happened! [*HORN rushes out to verandah followed by* MACPHAIL *who grabs a raincoat from the peg by the verandah door as he passes.* HORN *stands looking out over the verandah. The Doctor after a quick glance over the verandah rail hurriedly exits. Horn shouts to natives.*] Boys! Don't touch that body until the Doctor gets there!

NATIVE VOICES

[*Off stage*] O-lan-sta-doctwr.

[*The door of the store opens and* MRS. HORN *waddles on. The* HORN *children can be heard whimpering and crying.*]

MRS. HORN

Mamut-Mamut! Lamua-sastro-yieh? [*She starts to cross to the verandah but is intercepted by* SERGEANT O'HARA *who comes tearing around the upstage verandah entrance at that moment. He is still dressed in his blue denim and is visibly excited.*]

O'HARA

[*To* AMEENA] Where's Miss Thompson?

MRS. HORN

She sleep I think.

O'HARA

Sure?

MRS. HORN

I make knock, what?

O'HARA

No! If she's asleep, let her sleep. [*He crosses to the stairway and looks up stairs.* MRS. HORN *continues to the verandah.*]

MRS. HORN

[*Wringing her hands*] Mamut! Mamut!

HORN

[*Calling from the verandah*] Doctor! How long has he been dead?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Responding off-stage*] Three or four hours, I should judge.

HORN

[*Turning back into the room and standing by dining-table.*] I hope they don't bring him in here. I don't like men who die that way. They don't rest easy. [MRS. HORN *exits to the scene of the tragedy snivelling as she goes*—HORN *turns and sees* O'HARA]. Pretty rotten business this—How did you know about it?

O'HARA

One of the mess boys—out fishing early—saw him and came for me. I got over here as fast as I could in case Sadie needed me. [*An apprehensive look comes over his face.*] You don't think—[*brokenly*]—There isn't any chance Sadie did it?

HORN

[*Waving his hand reassuringly*] No! Some native fisherman saw him do it himself—They brought the body here.

O'HARA

[*Relieved*] Thank God! How long has he been dead?

HORN

Three or four hours MacPhail says. [*He becomes greatly agitated and mops his brow.*] I've got to get Mrs. Davidson. [*Mrs.* MACPHAIL *is heard coming down stairs.*]

O'HARA

[*Quickly*] Get her to do it!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Rushing into the room from the stairs, her hair is frowsy and still hooking up her dress.*] What has happened? Where's Dr. MacPhail gone?

HORN

He's down on the beach, ma'am. [*Both men try to avoid her eyes.*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Persistently*] What has happened?

O'HARA

[*Evasively*] There's been an accident, ma'am.

MRS. MACPHAIL

Is it Miss Thompson?

O'HARA

No!

[MRS. MACPHAIL *suddenly rushes for the verandah. Both men make a belated effort to stop her. She reaches the verandah and leans over and looks down the beach.* O'HARA *and* HORN *stand watching her.*]

MRS. MACPHAIL

What is that crowd doing? [*Suddenly she screams and rushes back into the room her hands over her eyes.* HORN *puts out his hand and pulls her toward him trying to calm her. She looks up at* HORN'S *face*] I was afraid of this!

HORN

[*Astonished*] YOU were afraid?

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Almost convulsively*] Yes—Mrs. Davidson heard you come up for Dr. MacPhail. She's just been in my room and in a dreadful state. Mr. Davidson hasn't been to bed at all, she said. She heard him leave Miss Thompson's room about three. He came upstairs for something—then he went right out—[DR. MACPHAIL *enters hurriedly from the verandah. He places his medicine kit on the table as his wife turns from* HORN *and rushes up to him. To* DR. MACPHAIL] Is he dead?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*In a quiet and professional tone*] Yes! Go get Mrs. Davidson at once!

MRS. MACPHAIL

[*Tearfully*] Oh, but I hate to!

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Curtly*] You must, my dear! [*As she hesitates*] Be quick. [MRS. MACPHAIL *goes upstairs in terrified obedience.* DR. MACPHAIL *turns to the two men, steps between them. He extends his clenched first to* HORN *indicating something held in it.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

The razor was still in his hand. [HORN *and* O'HARA *not understandingly*] The Naval doctors are with him now. They'll probably take him to the mortuary [MACPHAIL *walks to the foot of the stairs and stands waiting for* MRS. DAVIDSON. HORN *and* O'HARA *give each other searching looks.*]

O'HARA

[*Looking over the veranda*] Look at the crowd—Bad news travels, don't it?

HORN

Yes. [*Looks quizzically at* O'HARA.] He was a strange fellow. [*Pointedly*] I wonder why he did it.

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Turning to* HORN *and* O'HARA] Be quiet! Here comes Mrs. Davidson. [*All three men stand by quietly as* MRS. DAVIDSON *enters from the stairway. She is dressed in black, her face is blanched and drawn. She stands looking at* DR. MACPHAIL *who is facing her.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Brokenly*] Where am I—to go?

DR. MACPHAIL

[*Offering her his hand and speaking very kindly*] Come with me, Mrs. Davidson. [*He turns to his wife*] Better come too, Margaret. It may be necessary. [*They start toward the veranda.* MRS. MACPHAIL *haltingly following* MRS. DAVIDSON *and* DR. MACPHAIL. HORN *and* O'HARA *watch them silently. As the trio exit* O'HARA *turns o* HORN.]

O'HARA

Pretty cool, I'll say.

HORN

[*Shaking his head*] No—she's trembling like a leaf.

O'HARA

[*As though to himself*] I wonder how she'll take it.

HORN

I wonder! [*Suddenly the raucous sound of the asthimic phonograph is heard. It comes from* SADIE'S *room. Both men start—listen and then turn to each other with a look of tempered horror.*] My God! Listen to that!

O'HARA

You see—she don't know yet.

HORN

[*Excitedly*] But—man—why is she playing it?

O'HARA

One of us ought to go in and tell her what's happened.

HORN

[*Giving* O'HARA *a keen look*] She hasn't touched that thing since Davidson went after her. [*He takes a step toward* O'HARA *and looks intently into his face.*] What's she playing it now for?

O'HARA

[*Shifting uneasily on his feet, his head down and speaking almost solemnly*] I don't know.

HORN

[*Trying to arrive at a conclusion and pointing his words.*] Look a here! Last night she was frightened and all in about going back to San Francisco. [*He pauses and fires his question*] Why is she playing that thing first thing this morning when at noon she's leaving on a journey she's scared to make. [*He pauses and almost shouts.*] Why?

O'HARA

[*Looking at him doggedly*]. How should I know?

HORN

[*Quizzically*] What do you infer?

O'HARA

[*Roughly*] I am not inferring!

HORN

Who's going to tell her?—You?

O'HARA

It'll come better from you.

HORN

[*Sighs resignedly*] All right! Go see where the others are. [HORN *shuffles up to* SADIE'S *door.* O'HARA *waits an instant as though undecided as to what to do, then thrusting his chin up determinedly he crosses to verandah and exits*] Miss Thompson! [*Knocks on door.*]

SADIE

[*From within her room*] Yes!

[*Loudly*] What is it?

HORN

Let me in. It's Horn!

SADIE

[*From within the room*] Oh, no you don't! You stay where you are! I'll be out in a minute.

HORN

It's most important, Miss Thompson.

SADIE

[*From within her room*] All right! I'm coming right out! [HORN *shuffles to a position in front of the sofa as* SADIE'S *door opens and* SADIE *makes her appearance. She is dressed in the costume in which we first beheld her. Her face is tragic beneath its rouge. She carries her parasol.. As she enters the room* O'HARA *comes across the verandah and upon seeing* SADIE *he halts as though stupefied.*] [*To* HORN] Hello, Horn! What's going on?

[SADIE *turns and sees* O'HARA.]

SADIE

[*With a forced smile.*] Hello, O'Hara! What are you doing up so early?

O'HARA

[*Looking dazedly at* SADIE] Sadie!

SADIE

[*She smiles but one corner of her mouth seems rather down.*] Surprised to see me all dolled up, eh? Well, why not? [*She is making a desperate attempt to be cheerful.*] Had to put on my best, didn't I? This gay and glorious morning. Besides [*her face hardens*] I'm radiant—I'm beautiful—You didn't know that, did you? [*She laughs harshly*] Couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that sun this morning. Do I feel fine? I do! I'd race you down to the beach if it wasn't for these pesty heels. [*She flecks her heels to the tip of her parasol.*]

O'HARA

[*Starting toward her*] Sadie! For God's sake turn off that phonograph!

SADIE

[*Cooly*] And why—for God's sake should I turn off the phonograph?

O'HARA

They'll be back any minute.

SADIE

Who?

O'HARA

Mrs. Davidson.

SADIE

[*Assuming an attitude of studied indifference.*] And why should I turn off my phonograph because Mrs. Davidson is coming back. [*An almost snarling sneer comes into her voice.*] I am not concerned with what Mrs. Davidson thinks, and for that matter—[*She turns and looks at* HORN] with what your Reverend Davidson thinks! [*She faces down stage and speaks deliberately*] My advice to him is to pin on his wings and try the air!

O'HARA

[*Suddenly to* HORN] Joe, turn off that phonograph, quick! [HORN *starts to* SADIE'S *door.*]

SADIE

[*Turning quickly to* HORN *as he passes her*] Stay out of my room, Horn! That phonograph stays on.

O'HARA

[*Pleading*] Sadie! Something has happened!

SADIE

[*In a voice black with loathing*] Yes!—You're right! Something *has* happened. You men!—Something *has* happened! You men—you're all alike. [*hoarsely*] Pigs! Pigs! I wouldn't trust one of you! [*She turns quickly toward* O'HARA] No offense to you in that last remark, old pardner. [*She pauses*] And I'm going to Sidney if that invitation of yours still holds good.

O'HARA

[*His voice broken with emotion*] You bet it does! [HORN *motions to* O'HARA *to tell* SADIE *what has happened.* O'HARA *continues*] Sadie—Davidson's killed himself—

SADIE

[*Dully*] What?!

O'HARA

They found him on the beach this morning in the water with his throat cut. [*As the import of what* O'HARA *has said penetrates* SADIE'S *whirling brain, she staggers—then slowly recovers herself.*]

SADIE

[*In a strange voice*] So—he killed himself, did he? Then I can forgive him. I thought the joke was on me—all on me! [*Pauses*] I see it wasn't.

[DR. MACPHAIL *rushes in, gesticulating angrily.*]

DR. MACPHAIL

What the devil are you doing? Stop that damn machine! Mrs. Davidson's coming!

SADIE

[*Weakly*] Yes—turn it off—off. [HORN *rushes into* SADIE'S *room and stops the phonograph.*]

[MRS. DAVIDSON *enters followed by* MRS. MACPHAIL. MRS. DAVIDSON *walks straight toward* SADIE. *There is intense silence on the stage. The two women gaze intently at each other.*]

MRS. DAVIDSON

[*Sadly*] I understand, Miss Thompson—I'm sorry for him and I'm sorry for you. [MRS. DAVIDSON *turns hastily away, covers her face and walks upstairs. All the people on the stage watch her until she is out of sight.*]

SADIE

[*In a low, sick voice*] I'm sorry for everybody in the world!—Life's a quaint present from somebody, there's no doubt about that. Maybe it will be easier in Sidney. (*She clutches* O'HARA'S *arm and breaks into sobs as the curtain falls.*]